MAY 1996 • VOLUME 3 • NO. 2

inks

CARTOON AND COMIC ART STUDIES

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING INEFFECTIVENESS
JOY OF BLANDNESS
EDITOR
DO NOT DIST
COMICS CRITERIA:
• IF IT CAUSES PHONE TO RING, ITS GONE.
• MUST APPEAL TO EVERYONE WITHOUT BEING GENERIC.
• MUST BE ORIGINAL, BUT NOT UNIQUE.
• INTELLIGENT, BUT NOT THOUGHT PROVOKING.
• ONLY TRADITIONAL CUTTING EDGE MATERIAL.
• NEVER CAUSE ANY READER RESPONSE, BUT PLACE HIGH IN READER POLLS
SMALLER IS BETTER
COMICS

VIEW

ISSN: 1071-9156

EDITOR

Lucy Shelton Caswell
Ohio State University
27 West 17th Avenue Mall
Columbus, OH 43210-1393

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Shelley Armitage
Magazine Cartoons

Robert C. Harvey, *Comic Strips*

M. Thomas Inge, *Comic Books*

Richard Samual West
Political Cartoons

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Bruce Barber
Kenneth Barker
Will Eisner
Roger A. Fischer
Draper Hill
David Kunzle
Judith O'Sullivan
David Richter
Jerry Robinson
Randall Scott
Art Spiegelman
Frank Stack
Robert J. Stolzer
Bruce Wheltle
Joseph Witek
cat yronwode

DESIGN

Design Communication, Inc.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

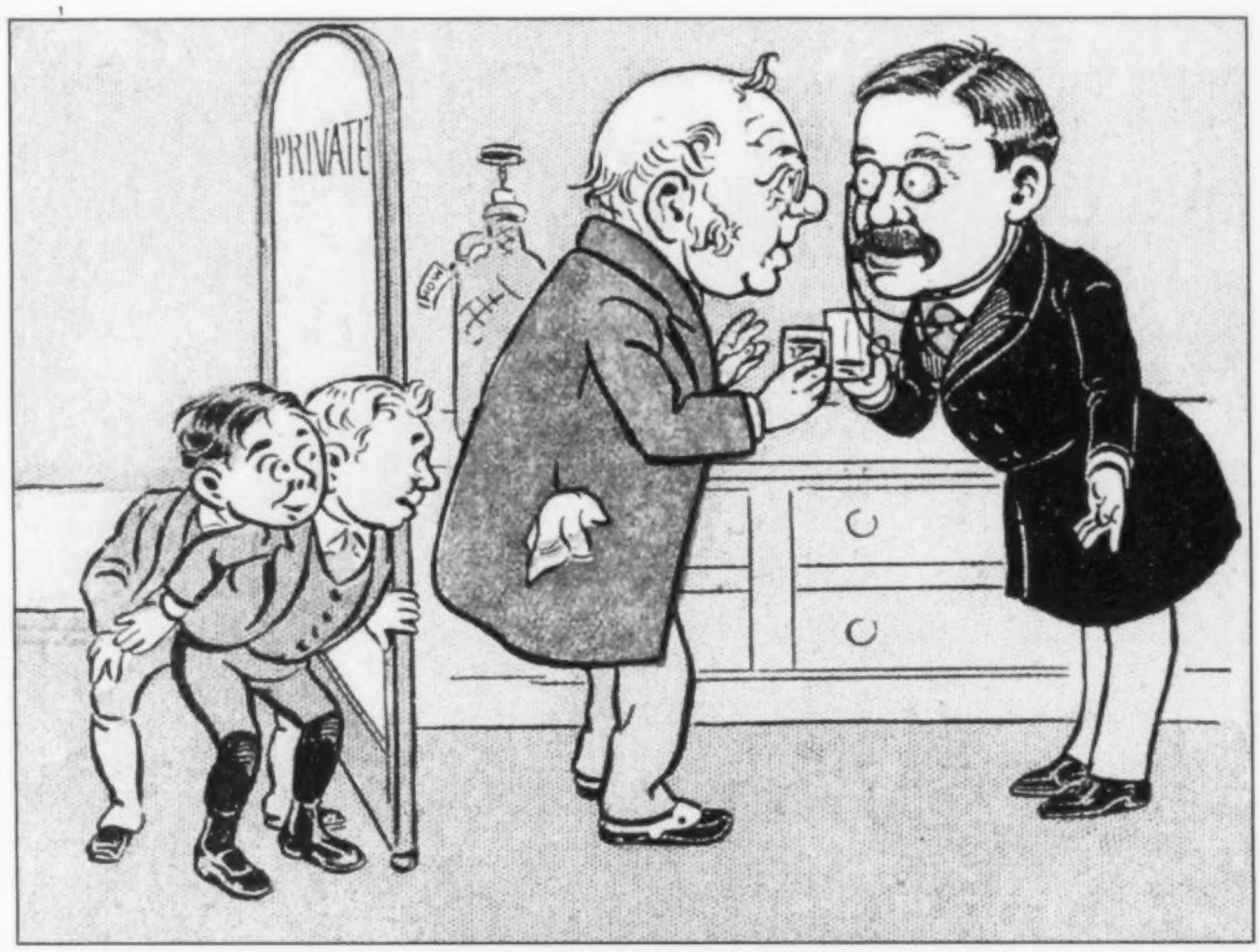
The publication of *INKS* is made possible in part through the generous suuport of Jean and Charles Schulz

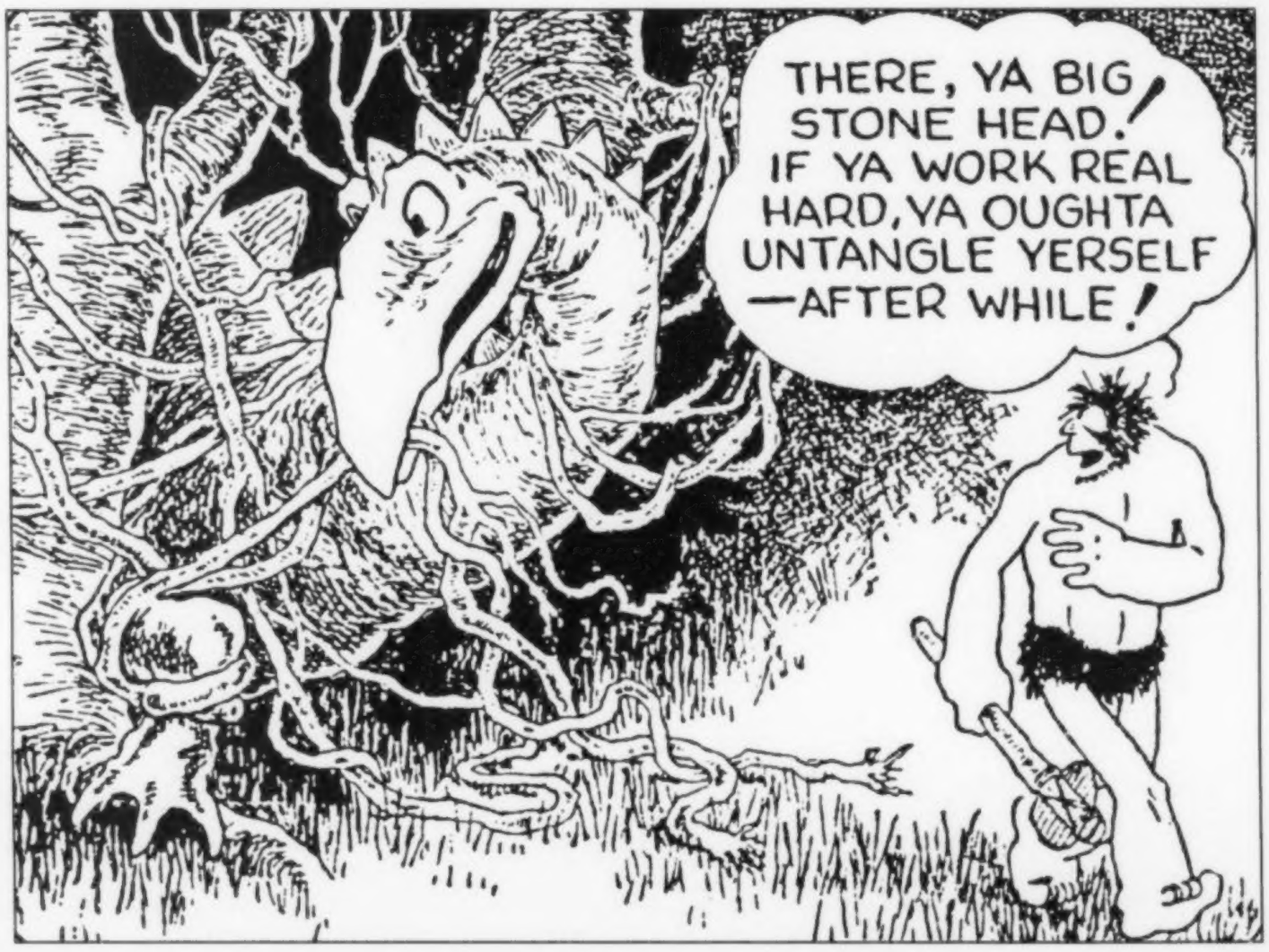
Advertising and Publishing Office. The Ohio State University Press, 1070 Carmack Road, Columbus, Ohio 43210-1002. Telephone (614)292-6930. *INKS* (ISSN 1071-9156) is published tri-annually in February, May and November by The Ohio University State Press. Margaret Starbuck, Managing Editor, Melodie McGrothers, Subscriptions Manager. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *INKS*, Ohio State University Press, 1070 Carmack Road, Columbus, Ohio 43210-1002.

Subscriptions. Patrons, $100 per year; libraries and other institutions, $40 per year; individuals, $20. Outside U.S. add $4. Single copy, $8. Checks should be made payable to The Ohio State University Press, 1070 Carmack Road, Columbus, Ohio 43110-1002. Claims for missing issues must be made within four months of publication date. Allow six week for address change.

INKS is indexed in *ARTbibliographies Modern, BHA/Bibliography of the History of Art*, and the *MLA International Bibliography*.

Copyright 1996 by The Ohio State University Press. All rights reserved. Article copying exclusively for personal or internal use, or for the personal use of specific clients is permitted provided that the copy user or producer pay a fee of $2.00 per copy of any article or section of the journal to the Copyright Clearance Center, 222 Rosewood Drive, Danvers, MA 01923. This limited permission does not extend to the other kinds of copying, such as copying for general distribution, for resale, for creating new collective works, or for advertising and promotional purposes. Specific written permission for such copying must be obtained from The Ohio Univeristy State Press. Fee code: 1071-9156/96 $2.00 + 0.∞





INKS: Cartoon and Comic Art Studies

S U B S C R I B E

Begin my subscription with: ❑ the forthcoming issue ❑ the _____ issue.

❑ $20 Individual ❑ $40 Institution/Library ❑ $100 patron

❑ Send the following back issues at $8 each _____

U.S. dollars only. Postage outside the U.S.: $4 per annual subscription.
Handling fee of $1.00 charged on billed orders.

❑ Payment enclosed ❑ Invoice ❑ Visa ❑ MasterCard

Card No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Country _____

University Press
180 Pressey Hall
1070 Carmack Road
Columbus, Ohio 43210-1002
0706-311307-361

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS MAIL PERMIT NUMBER 184 COLUMBUS OHIO

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY
2500 KENNY ROAD
COLUMBUS OH 43210-9979

MAY 1996 • VOLUME 3 • NO. 2

inks

CARTOON AND COMIC ART STUDIES

ARTICLES

2
WAS *KRAZY KAT* BLACK? THE RACIAL IDENTITY OF GEORGE HERRIMAN
by M. Thomas Inge

10
THE COMIC SERIES OF THE *NEW YORK SUNDAY HERALD* 1899-1924 AND THE *NEW YORK SUNDAY TRIBUNE* 1914-1916, 1919-1924
by Kenneth S. Barker

20
THE MAN WHO WALKED WITH DINOSAURS
by V. T. Hamlin

30
AN AFTERNOON IN BERLIN
by Frank Pauer

Cover by Wiley Miller

DEPARTMENTS

RESOURCES

32 Comics Collections in the National Art Library, Victoria and Albert Museum, London, England by Carlo Dumontet

37 The John and Selma Appel Collection

EMANATA

38 Martin Nodell and the Golden Age Green Lantern
by Robert C. Harvey

BOOK REVIEWS

40 *Töpffer: L'invention de la bande dessinée* by Thierry Groensteen and Benoît Peeters. Reviewed by David Kunzle

41 *Graphic Novels: A Bibliographic Guide to Full-Length Comics* by D. Aviva Rothschild. Reviewed by Charles Hatfield

44 *The Coming Man: 19th Century American Perceptions of the Chinese* edited by Philip P. Choy, Lorraine Dong, and Marlon K. Hom. Reviewed by Roger A. Fischer

EXHIBITION REVIEWS

45 *Humor in a Jugular Vein*
Reviewed by Robert C. Harvey

47 *Worth a Thousand Words: A Picture of Contemporary Political Satire*
Reviewed by Neil A. Grauer

Inside Back Cover
CONTRIBUTORS

Back Cover
GUIDELINES FOR AUTHORS

Ohio Arts Council

Funded Through
OHIO JOINT PROGRAM
IN THE ARTS AND HUMANITIES

Ohio Humanities Council

695 Bryden Road • Columbus, Ohio 43205 • Telephone (614) 461-1132

When Krazy Was Krazy

The Racial Identity of George Herriman

BY M. THOMAS INGE

Krazy Kat, 1 January 1931, ©1931, 1995 King Features Syndicate, Inc. Reprinted by special permission.

George Herriman (1880-1944), creator of the comic strip *Krazy Kat*, has been recognized by many as America's greatest cartoonist.[1] The poetic complexity and the visual power of his work have generated considerable commentary and appreciation over the past five decades, but since the 1970s, a new element has been added to the discussion since it was discovered that Herriman may have been of African-American ancestry. Thus some critics have determined to classify Herriman as a black who passed for white in a racist society and to analyze his art from an ethnic perspective. The purpose of this essay is to reexamine the evidence for this conclusion and to question the validity of this approach.

When the *Dictionary of American Biography* decided to include Herriman in its third supplementary volume in 1970, they invited Arthur Asa Berger to prepare the entry.[2] Berger had just published *Li'l Abner: A Study in American Satire*, the first book-length study of an American comic strip. When Berger began to gather the scant material on Herriman, he wrote for a copy of his birth certificate to the Board of Health in the city of New Orleans. When it arrived, it contained some new and intriguing information. The document certified that George Joseph Herriman was born on 22 August 1880, but

Kat Black?

LET'S FOOL HIM - YOU BE BLECK. AND I'LL BE WHITE
WONDERFUL IDEA - LETS DO IT
HERE HE COMES - AFTER WE FOOL HIM, WE'LL LAUGH AT HIM TITTERINGLY -
Y-YES OUT LOUD
IHI - EHE - ANOTHER STUDY IN BLACK & WHITE
Krazy Drinks rights reserved. © 1931, King Features Service, Inc.
HERRIMAN
1-1

following his name was the racial identification of "colored." The father, George Herriman, Jr., was listed as a native of New Orleans, and the mother, Clara Morel Herriman, a native of Iberville, Louisiana. Further research into the federal census of 1880 for New Orleans revealed that the parents were designated "mulatto."

Nothing in the printed record had contained such an identification, although there had always been some uncertainty about his racial origins. Accounts by friends had suggested that he was perhaps French or Greek, especially because of his handsome Adonis-like appearance. His 1944 death certificate, on file with the Los Angeles Department of Public Health, identified him as "caucasian" and listed the birthplaces of his father and mother as "Paris, France" and "Alsace-Lorraine" respectively. This information was supplied to the coroner by Herriman's daughter Mabel.

Berger announced his discovery in an article for the San Francisco *Chronicle* on 22 August 1971 (coincidentally on the ninety-first anniversary of Herriman's birth) called "Was Krazy's Creator a Black Cat?" He went on to speculate:

> Since Herriman never was identified as a Negro, it seems likely that he was "passing" for white, which explains his remark-

able reticence and the fact, curiously enough, that Herriman was almost never photographed without a hat. Herriman's mother and father were both mulattos, so it would have been eminently possible for him to pass, if that were his desire.

Berger also engaged in an interpretation of the comic strip in the light of this new evidence:

> . . . two of the basic themes in *Krazy Kat* are "the victory of illusion over reality" and the problem of "submission and dominance." In the light of Herriman's passing, and the psychological difficulties this passing must have entailed, it is understandable that such themes would show themselves in the strip. For both of these considerations had a direct relevance to Herriman's own life, which involved the victory of illusion (his being white) over reality (the fact that he was colored).[3]

George Herriman in 1912. Harry Hershfield Collection, Ohio State University Cartoon Research Library

When black writer Ishmael Reed read this article, he was pleased to reclaim one more major figure for the history of African American contributions to American culture. Thus he dedicated his latest book *Mumbo Jumbo* to "George Herriman, Afro-American, who created Krazy Kat."[4] This information was soon disseminated through various publications about the comics and was repeated in 1986 in the first book to be devoted to Herriman's life and career *Krazy Kat: The Comic Art of George Herriman* by Patrick McDonnell, Karen O'Connell, and Georgia Riley de Havenon. The authors add a confirming report by an unidentified source: "The always private Herriman, who never publicly divulged any information about his personal life or background, once told a close friend that he was Creole, and because his hair was 'kinky' thought he might have some 'Negro blood.'"[5] A similar piece of anecdotal evidence was provided in a letter to the *Comics Buyer's Guide* by catherine yronwode which came from her stepfather, who once dated Herriman's daughter in Santa Monica in the 1940s:

> . . . he said that she had told him she and her father were "colored people passing for whites." He told me that she said Herriman always wore a hat to conceal his kinky hair and that he told inquisitive people he was "Greek," to explain his dark skin. This was a family story in my household long before I knew that anyone on Earth still remembered George Herriman or *Krazy Kat*.[6]

Most comics historians now routinely identify Herriman as an African American or a Creole.[7]

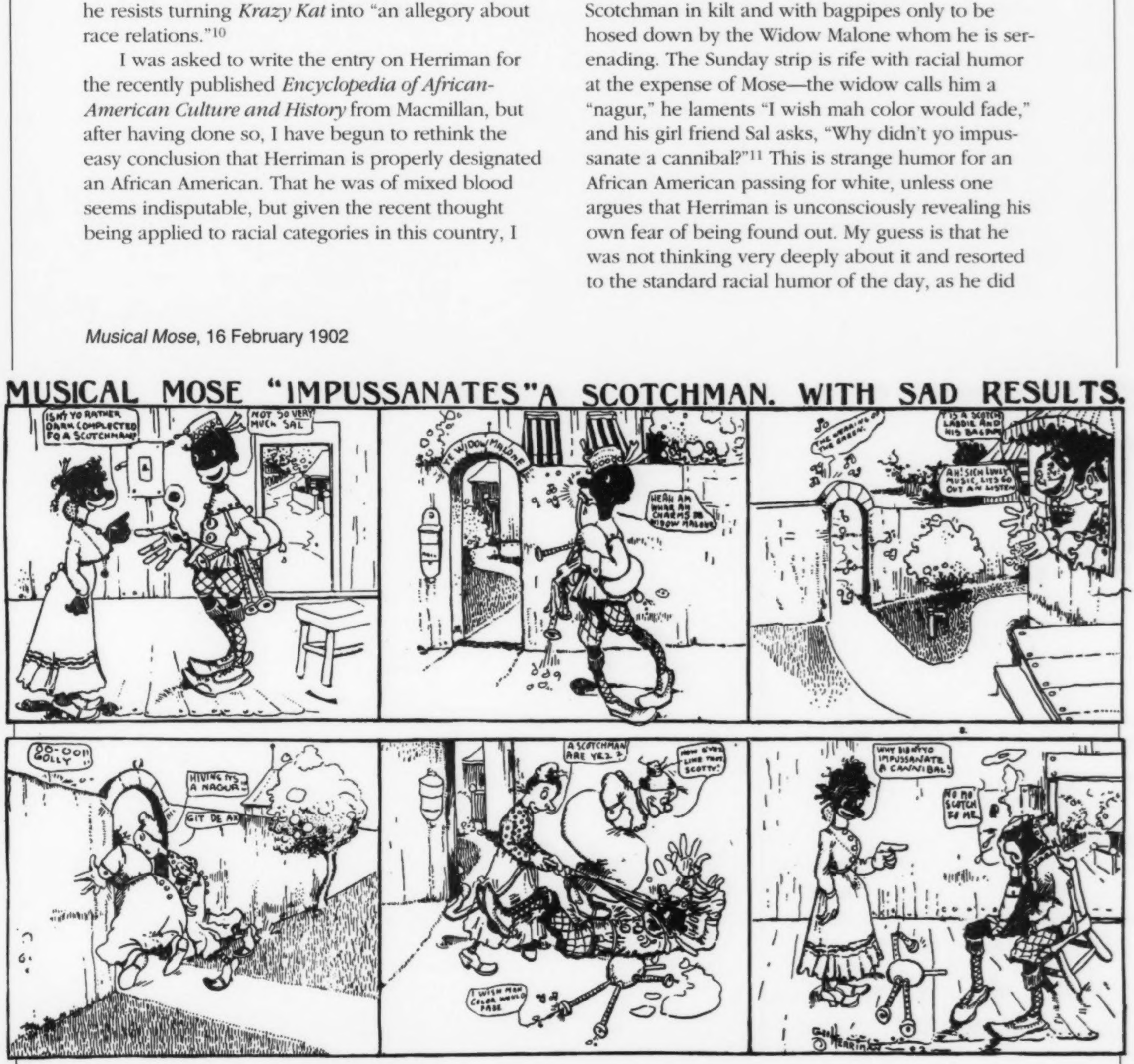
In the light of this new biographical information, as one would expect, critics began to examine

Krazy Kat more closely for encoded messages and meanings, made irresistible by the fact that Krazy is a black cat, after all, who endures the violent subjugation of her lighter-toned love object and master Ignatz Mouse. Franklin Rosemont has found echoes of black swing bands, the blues and jazz, in the comic strip,[8] while Elisabeth Crocker has read it for postmodern resonances of race and gender issues.[9] In *The Art of the Funnies*, Robert C. Harvey finds artifacts of black life in the strip, especially a vaudeville routine using racial stereotypes from the days of minstrelsy based on the comedy of reversal. But he resists turning *Krazy Kat* into "an allegory about race relations."[10]

I was asked to write the entry on Herriman for the recently published *Encyclopedia of African-American Culture and History* from Macmillan, but after having done so, I have begun to rethink the easy conclusion that Herriman is properly designated an African American. That he was of mixed blood seems indisputable, but given the recent thought being applied to racial categories in this country, I am no longer convinced that this is the most meaningful designation for Herriman.

If Herriman thought he had "Negro blood," it did not seem to have much direct influence on his early art. That he was even insensitive to the issue is demonstrated in his easy reliance on the usual stereotyped portrayals of blacks in his cartoons—thick white lips, large rolling eyes, and heavy-handed use of dialect. One of his earliest sequential features was a three-part series about *Musical Mose* for the Pulitzer newspapers. In the first sequence of 16 February 1902, Mose attempts to "impussanate" a Scotchman in kilt and with bagpipes only to be hosed down by the Widow Malone whom he is serenading. The Sunday strip is rife with racial humor at the expense of Mose—the widow calls him a "nagur," he laments "I wish mah color would fade," and his girl friend Sal asks, "Why didn't yo impussanate a cannibal?"[11] This is strange humor for an African American passing for white, unless one argues that Herriman is unconsciously revealing his own fear of being found out. My guess is that he was not thinking very deeply about it and resorted to the standard racial humor of the day, as he did

Musical Mose, 16 February 1902


MUSICAL MOSE "IMPUSSANATES" A SCOTCHMAN. WITH SAD RESULTS.
ISN'T YO RATHER DARK COMPLECTED FO A SCOTCHMAN?
NOT SO VERY MUCH SAL
YE W'DOW MALONE
HEAH AM WHAR AH CHARMS DE WIDOW MALONE
THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.
'TIS A SCOTCH LADDIE AND HIS BAGPIPE
AH! SICH LOVELY MUSIC, LETS GO OUT AN LISTEN
OO-OOH! GOLLY!
HIVING IT'S A NAGUR
GIT DE AX
A SCOTCHMAN ARE YEZ?
HOW D'YEZ LIKE THAT SCOTTY?
I WISH MAH COLOR WOULD FADE
WHY DIDN'TYO IMPUSSANATE A CANNIBAL?
NO NO SCOTCH FO ME

with the Irish, Jews, Italians, and other ethnic groups as well.

Black mammy figures appeared in his first comic strip features published in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* (such as *Rosy Posy* for 27 May 1906, and *Bud Smith* for 30 September 1906), as well as a Stepin Fetchit style figure (*Major Ozone's Fresh Air Crusade*, 9 August 1906) but seven years before the black actor began his show business career. In several of the 1910 *Family Upstairs* sequences, the precursor to *Krazy Kat*, black characters appear, including several popular black boxing ring figures of the day in gross caricature, and on 5 December 1910, in the Krazy Kat feature that ran beneath the main strip, a black bird serving as a train porter is called by Ignatz "Krazy Koon."[12] The household in *Baron Bean*, a strip published from 1916 to 1919, had an Aunt Jemima-style cook one week in the kitchen named Fulginia, who pretty much went her own way despite her minstrel-show appearance.[13] One does not have to look very far to find examples of Sambos and shuffling coons in any of Herriman's features. What was he thinking when he drew them, and if he were concerned about racism, why did he include them?

How conscious was he of his racial background, and how did he view himself? What we think today may not be the same way he thought, and to whom should we defer? We have given up the notion that the United States has been largely a white Anglo-Saxon society and have recognized that we are a multi-racial or multi-ethnic nation. The population is so intermingled that clear identification for many is not possible, and racial purity has probably never existed here anyway.

The Creoles of Louisiana, presumably Herriman's stock, are good examples of the contradictions of racial categorization. According to the *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*:

> Few ethnic terms in North American society have been as controversial or as sensitive as the term Creole. Coined by the Spanish and Portuguese who ventured into the New World, the word originally denoted individuals born in the colonies of European parents. Under the restrictions of this connotation, the term should have fallen from disuse with the cessation of colonial immigration.
>
> Within Louisiana, the disparities between the predominantly Latin culture of the original settlers and the predominantly Anglo-Celtic culture of the late 18th- and 19th-century newcomers served to encourage the perpetuation, evolution, and expansion of the term Creole. By the 19th century it had become synonymous with "native." In both the noun and adjective forms it embraced all objects indigenous to Louisiana, from cabbage to cotton, and all people, regardless of hue, whose families were native to the Louisiana colony. Its application to people appeared in one of three forms: Creole, Creole *de couleur* [which denoted Creoles with African or Indian admixtures], and Creole Negro [which denoted blacks of unmixed ancestry]. By definition, the term was so inexclusive that it barred only those born outside Louisiana.[14]

Presumably Herriman belonged to the second group, Creole *de couleur*, but it can be more complicated than that. Another scholar, Gwendolyn Midlo Hall, has noted:

> By the nineteenth century, the mixed-blood creoles of Louisiana who acknowledged their African descent emphasized and took greatest pride in their French ancestry. They defined *creole* to mean racially mixed, enforced endogamous marriage among their own group, and distinguished themselves from and looked down upon blacks and Anglo-Afroamericans, though their disdain stemmed from cultural as well as racial distinctions.[15]

The Family Upstairs, 5 December 1910

Given the Herriman family tradition of claimed French ancestry, was it this kind of elite-minded family to which they belonged? The same author notes that in Louisiana "The most precise current definition of a creole is a person of non-American ancestry, whether African or European, who was born in the Americas."[16]

A historian of Creole culture, Joseph Logsdon, has offered the following thoughts on the subject:

> I think you are on fairly safe ground in describing George Herriman as a New Orleanian with some African ancestry. Census takers erred more in declaring some persons white than in mistakenly declaring some mulatto or black. Designation in New Orleans as "colored" meant apparent or declared African ancestry. In 1880, parents would have had much to do with the declaration of racial identity on a birth certificate. . . . What is unusual, but not unprecedented, is the name Herriman for a person of mixed racial ancestry in New Orleans. But I do know so-called black families with surnames such as Newman, Stern, Braden, etc.[17]

Another scholar, David Bergeron, who looked into the matter for me when he lived in New Orleans, reported:

> "Mulatto" ought to mean that one parent was black and one white; but again the term seems not to have been applied in any consistent manner. One of my authorities speculates that Herriman's father was probably white and the mother, who was a Morel, black. He said that there are black Morels still living in New Orleans.[18]

No wonder that the *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture* concludes, "In consideration of the ambiguity that surrounds what is principally a question of evolving semantics, the safest definition of the term may well be the classic Louisiana compromise: A Creole can be anyone who says he is one."[19] And what happens, then, if one decides *not* to be a Creole and leaves this ethnic-linguistic briarpatch behind? Is it possible to step beyond *all* racial classification, based mainly on law and custom, and simply be one's own person?

This brings us to what may be the most crucial concern in the matter of Herriman's racial identity. Anthropologists, biologists, and other scientists recently have largely abandoned concepts of race as meaningless and an outmoded method of classifying people.[20] The concept of race in this country is a myth developed specifically to support legal and social regulations for maintaining segregation between the free white European population and the descendants of African slaves. It has no basis in biology or genetics. Recent research indicates that more than 90% of so-called "black" Americans have some "white" genetic heritage, while over 10% of so-called "whites" have some African ancestry of which many are probably unaware.[21]

Herriman belongs to a large group of people who have fallen between the legally determined lines. These include Walter White, novelist and leader of the NAACP, who was categorized as black even though he was predominantly Caucasian and appeared so.[22] The cartoonist Oliver Harrington was born to a black father and a Jewish-Hungarian mother and in his early years was unaware that he was any different from the other children. Once discrimination and cruel racism were brought to bear on both of them, they became thoroughly assimilated into the black society of the time.[23] Some have had the liberty to make a conscious choice. I am reminded of the late scholar of American literature, Philip Butcher, who once told me that he remembered as a young man making a conscious choice to be a part of the African American community, although he could have passed, because he found it richer and more attractive than the alternative. And some have moved back and forth, like the talented writer Jean Toomer whose light skin allowed him to grow up in the white upper-middle-class community of

WHAT IS YO PLEASURE FO BREKFUS DIS MAWN'N, "BARON"?
UOHY, THE USUAL STUFF, "FULIGINIA" OUR "ICED-POMELO-JUICE", OUR "TOASTED-MUFFINS", OUR "CHOMPEEYONGS-SOO-CLORSH", OUR "SOSEESONGS-FREET", OUR "POMME-DE-TERRY-SOOFLAY", OUR "WAFFLE-SUPREME", AND OUR "CAFFY-AU-LAY"-
AND, OH YES- "FULIGINIA" HAVE OUR FINGER BOWLS FILLED WITH "VIOLET WATER"-

Columbia Heights in Washington, DC, but whose mixed parentage caused him to attend high school in the black community of Shaw. For those who asked him to identify his race, he wrote:

> Fourteen years of my life I had lived in the white group, four years I had lived in the colored group. In my experience there had been no main difference between the two. But if people wanted to isolate and fasten on those four years and say that I was colored, this too was up to them. As for myself, I would live my life as far as possible on the basis of what was true for me.[24]

The psychological impact of growing up on the color line has recently been discussed in the published memoirs of two academics, Gregory H. Williams, who grew up in Virginia thinking he was white only to discover at age ten his father's relatives in Indiana were black, and Judy Scales-Treat, who grew up in a black community only to be assumed to be white all her life because of her appearance. Both feel they should have been allowed to claim both black and white heritage or escape society's need to force a choice on them.[25]

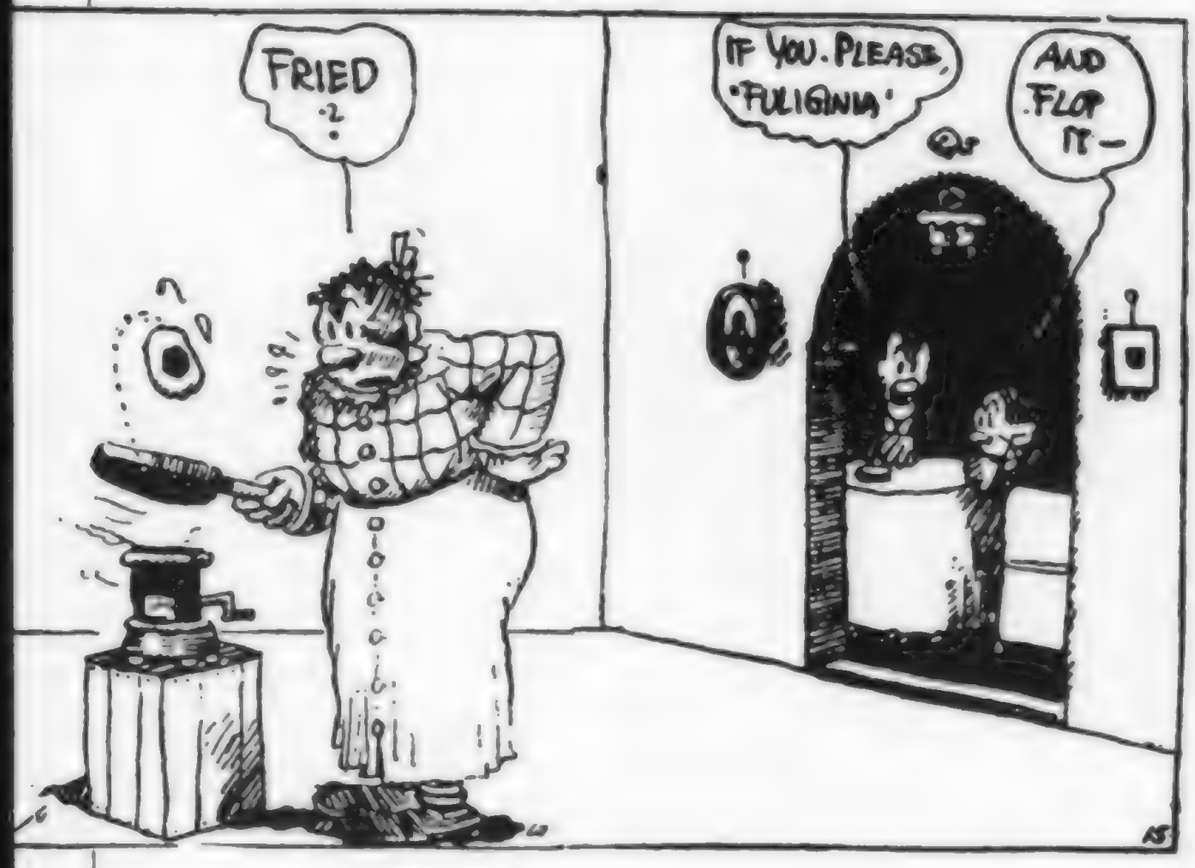
In Louisiana, where Herriman was born, the law stipulated that a person was to be identified as colored who was more than one thirty-second black. In fact, despite several legal challenges, that law was upheld in court as late as 1983.[26] Obviously, Herriman and his parents were light-skinned enough to pass, and by leaving behind their Louisiana heritage, the choice was made for him. He grew up instead in the richly multi-ethnic community of Los Angeles with little awareness of African American society, culture, or consciousness. To simply conclude he was "African American" is to accept as valid the scientifically and morally inappropriate categories of a racist society as reflected in the laws of segregation.

Probably, like Jean Toomer, Herriman was little concerned over these matters and knew that society's categories told him little about his essential identity. This may be reflected in an interesting *Krazy Kat* daily sequence of 1 January 1931. When Krazy and Ignatz are identified by an art critic as being "A Study in Black & White," they decide to switch colors on the pretentious dog. When he returns to find a white Krazy and a black Ignatz, again he repeats, "A Study in Black and White." In other words, skin or fur color makes no real difference in Coconino County, nor should it elsewhere in the world. Rather than respond to the categorical assumptions of society, people should be allowed to create their own identities beyond the traditional identifications of race and ethnicity. Perhaps we should allow George Herriman that liberty.

NOTES

1. See "*Krazy Kat* as American Dada Art" in M. Thomas Inge, *Comics as Culture* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1990), 41-47.

2. The entry was later assigned to Marie Caskey and published in *Dictionary of American Biography, Supplement Three* 1941-1945 (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1973), 356-57.



Baron Bean, circa 1916

3. Arthur Berger, "Was Krazy's Creator a Black Cat?" *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*, 22 August 1971, "This World," 35 and 40.

4. Letter from Ishmael Reed to the author dated 31 December 1972. Also see *Mumbo Jumbo* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1972), 12.

5. Patrick McDonnell, Karen O'Connell, and Georgia Riley de Havenon, *Krazy Kat: The Comic Art of George Herriman* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1986), 30.

6. catherine yronwode, letter in *Comics Buyer's Guide* No. 867 (29 June 1990), 4.

7. See, for example, Richard Marschall, *America's Great Comic Strip Artists* (New York: Abbeville Press, 1989), 98; Judith O'Sullivan, *The Great American Comic Strip* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1990), 40; Ron Goulart, *The Encyclopedia of American Comics* (New York: Facts on File, 1990), 181; and Inge, *Comics as Culture*, 44-45.

8. Franklin Rosemont, "George Herriman," in *Surrealism & Its Popular Accomplices*, ed. Franklin Rosemont (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1980), 58-64.

9. Elisabeth Crocker's essay, "'To He, I Am For Evva True': Krazy Kat's Indeterminate Gender," appears only in electronic hypermedia format in the *Journal of Postmodern Culture*. For responses to her theses, see "Maybe We're All Krazy," *International Museum of Cartoon Art Inklings*, 5 (Fall 1994), 6; Tom Heintjes, "Kooky Kriticism," *Hogan's Alley*, 1 (Fall 1994), 8-9; and George Johnson, "Inside Academia: Krazy Kat Meets the Lit Crits," *New York Times*, 10 April 1994, IV 3.

10. Robert C. Harvey, *The Art of the Funnies: An Aesthetic History* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1994), 179.

11. The strip is reprinted in McDonnell, *Krazy Kat*, 36.

12. See George Herriman, *The Family Upstairs* (Westport, CT: Hyperion Press, 1977), 49 and 68.

13. See George Herriman, *Baron Bean* (Westport, CT: Hyperion Press, 1977), 31-33.

14. Gary B. Mills, "Creole," in *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*, ed. Charles Reagan Wilson and William Ferris (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1989), 426. Also see the definitions in Arnold R. Hirsch and Joseph Logsdon, eds. *Creole New Orleans: Race and Americanization* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1992), 60-61 and passim.

15. Gwendolyn Midlo Hall, *Africans in Colonial Louisiana* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1992), 158.

16. Hall, *Africans in Colonial Louisiana*, 157.

17. Letter from Joseph Logsdon to the author dated 18 April 1992.

18. Letter from David Bergeron to the author dated 22 March 1974.

19. Mills, *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*, 427.

20. See Lawrence Wright, "One Drop of Blood," *The New Yorker*, 25 July 1994, 46-55; "Blood Not So Simple," *The New Yorker*, 5 September 1994, 8-10; and David L. Wheeler, "A Growing Number of Scientists Reject the Concept of Race," *Chronicle of Higher Education*, 17 February 1995, A8-A9, A15.

21. John George, "The Misnomer of 'Race'," *Chronicle of Higher Education*, 3 March 1995, B6.

22. George, "The Misnomer of 'Race'."

23. See the introduction to M. Thomas Inge, ed., *Dark Laughter: The Satiric Art of Oliver W. Harrington* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1993).

24. Dana Hull, "D.C.'s Forgotten Native Son," *Washington Post*, 26 December 1994, B1, B4.

25. Robin Williams, "At the Racial Dividing Line," *Chronicle of Higher Education*, 27 January 1995, A17, A20. See also Gregory H. Williams, *Life on the Color Line* (New York: Dutton, 1995), and Judy Scales-Treat, *Notes of a White Black Woman* (University Park: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1995).

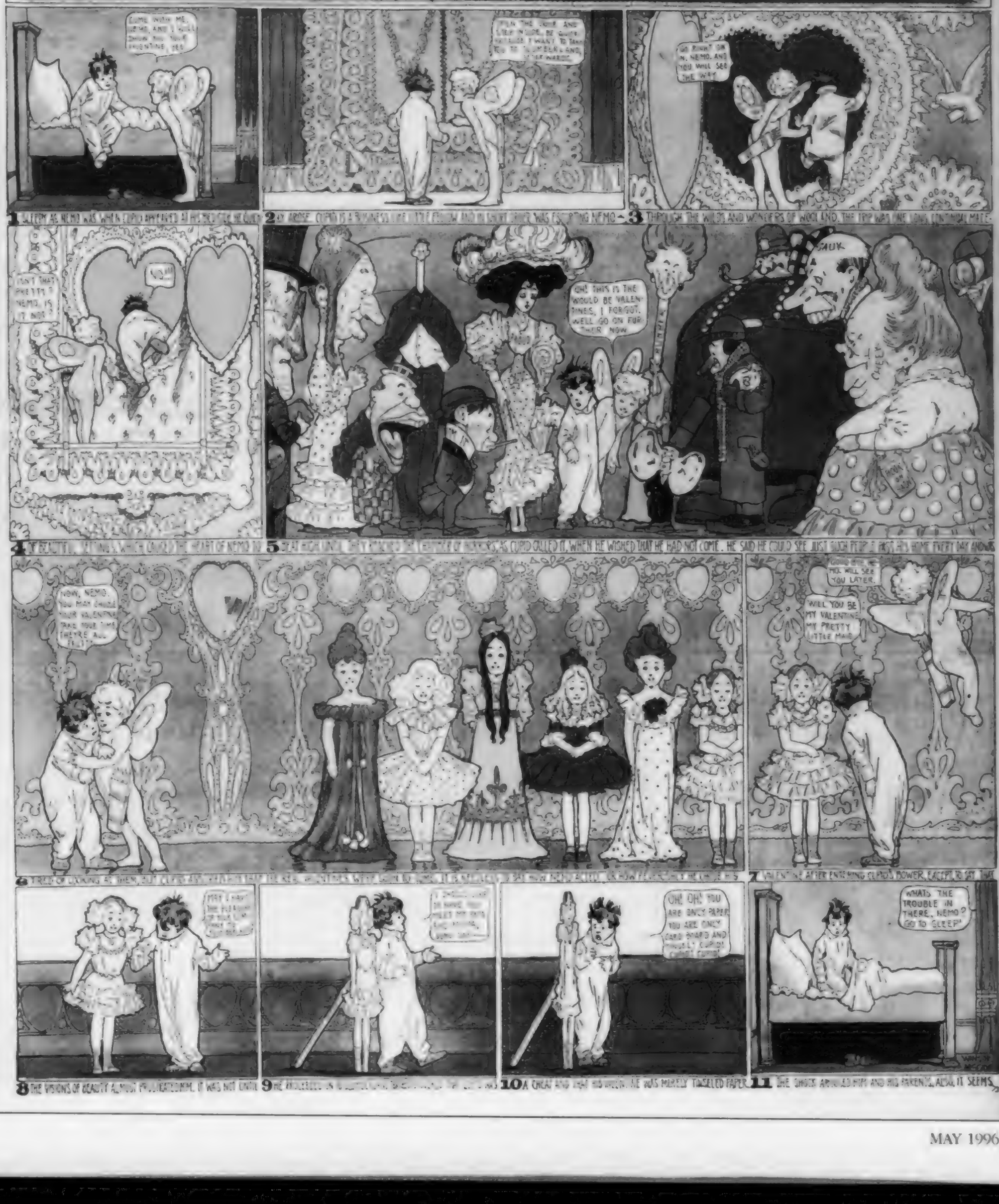
26. Art Harris, "Louisiana Court Sees No Shades of Gray in Woman's Request," *Washington Post*, 21 May 1983, A3.

The Comic Series of the *New York Sunday Herald* 1899-1924 and the *New York Sunday Tribune* 1914-1916 and 1919-1924

Right: *Little Nemo in Slumberland* by Winsor McCay, 11 February 1906.
Woody Gelman Collection, Ohio State University Cartoon Research

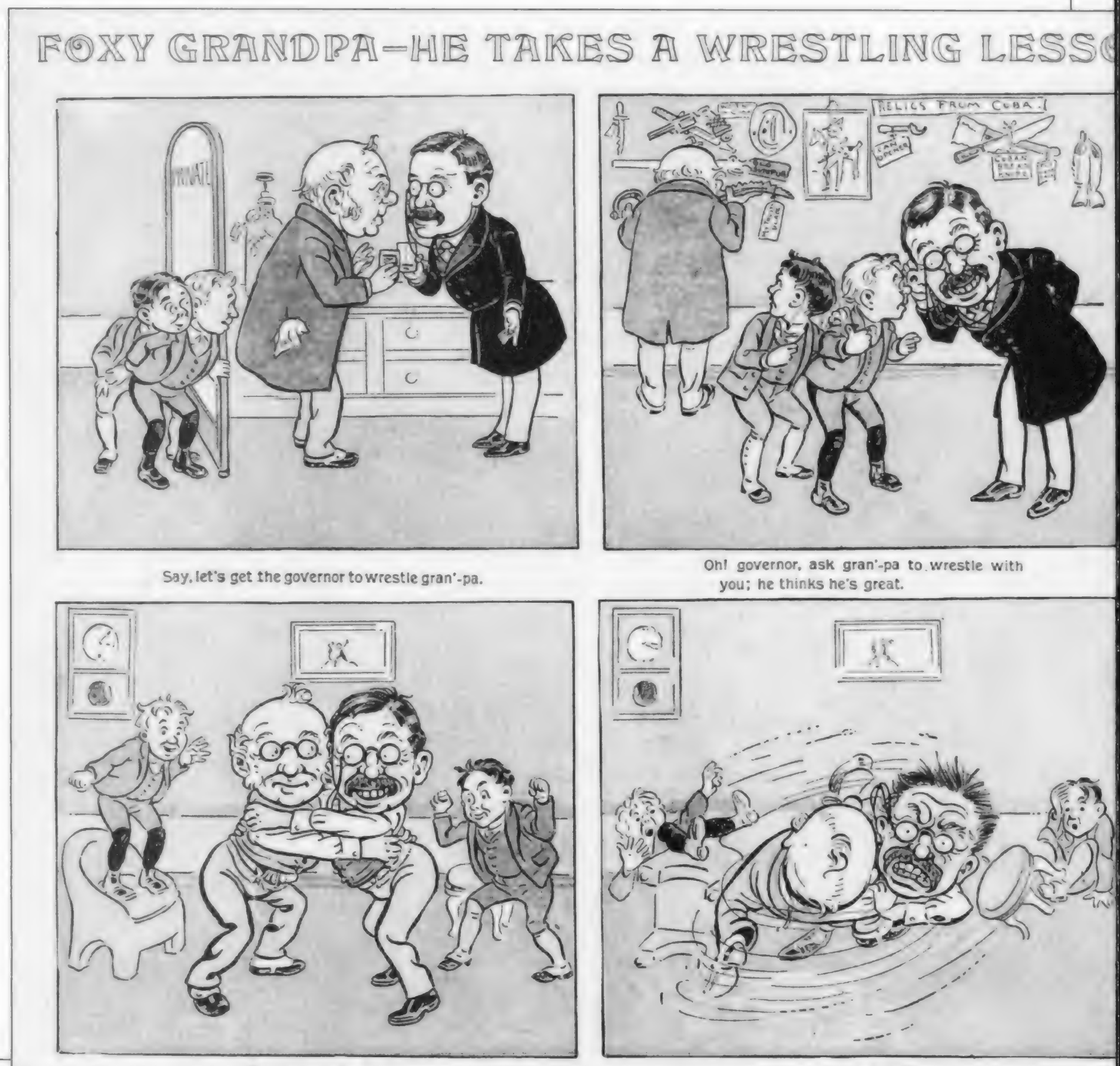
COMIC SECTION. THE NEW YORK HERALD. FOUR PAGES.
NEW YORK, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1906.—[COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD COMPANY.] PRICE FIVE CENTS.

LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBER-LAND


COME WITH ME, DEAR, AND I WILL SHOW YOU SOME PRETTY THINGS, YES
RUN THE LOVE AND KEEP N'SIDE, BE CAREFUL I WANT TO TALK TO THE PRINCESS AND HER MAIDS
GO RIGHT ON N. NEMO, AND YOU WILL SEE THE WAY
1 QUEERY AS NEMO WAS WHEN CUPID APPEARED AT HIS BED OF THE NIGHT
2 MY GOOSE CUPID IS A BUNGLER, HE'S TOO FOOLISH AND CHILDISH, WHEN I WISHED THAT HE WAS ESCORTING NEMO
3 THROUGH THE WILDS AND WONDERS OF WOOLAND, THE TRIP WAS LONG REMEMBERED
ISN'T THAT PRETTY? NEMO, IS IT NOT?
OH! THIS IS THE WOULD BE VALENTINES, I FORGOT. WELL GO ON FURTHER NOW
SAUK
4 WHEN NEMO WAS WISHED BACK TO HIS OWN BED
5 AS CUPID CALLED IT, WHEN HE WISHED THAT HE HAD NOT COME. HE SAID HE COULD SEE JUST SUCH PEOPLE AS THESE AT HOME EVERY DAY AND NOW
NOW, NEMO, YOU MAY CHOOSE YOUR VALENTINE FROM YOUR MANY THERE ARE ALL FAIR
GOOD BYE, NEMO, WE WILL SEE YOU LATER.
WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE, MY PRETTY LITTLE MAID
6 TRUE OF LOOKING AT THEM, BUT
7 AFTER ENTERING CUPID'S BOWER, EXCEPT TO SAY THAT
MAY I PAY THE PRICE OF A KISS FOR ONE OF YOUR FAIR MAIDS
8 THE VISIONS OF BEAUTY ALMOST FRIGHTENED HIM, IT WAS NOT UNTIL
9 HE WILLINGLY
OH! OH! YOU ARE ONLY PAPER. YOU ARE ONLY CARD BOARD AND TINSELLY CUPID
10 A CHEAT AND THAT HIS WHOLE
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE IN THERE, NEMO? GO TO SLEEP!
11 THE SHOCK AROUSED PAPA AND HIS PARENTS, ALSO, IT SEEMS,

BY KENNETH S. BARKER

The newspaper comic page became an important part of the modern newspaper as the result of the competition between Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World* and William Randolph Hearst's *New York Journal*. The newspaper comic series from the former were detailed in a previous issue (See "The Comic Series of Joseph Pulitzer's New York Sunday World" in the February 1995 issue of *Inks: Cartoon and Comic Art Studies*).[1] There was, however, a third New York City participant in this early competition that made an important contribution to quality: James Gordon Bennett's *New York Herald* which began its Sunday comic section on 3 December 1899. The *New York Herald* took a much more genteel approach to the funnies. As a result some of its material was of significant artistic achievement, Winsor McCay's work in particular. The list which follows is roughly chronological, beginning with the first feature produced by each person and then enumerating additional titles he or she created for the *Herald*. It includes the names of everyone who did at least one series, title of each series, and as much detail as possible about publication dates.


FOXY GRANDPA—HE TAKES A WRESTLING LESS
PRIVATE
RELICS FROM CUBA
Say, let's get the governor to wrestle gran'-pa.
Oh! governor, ask gran'-pa to wrestle with you; he thinks he's great.
Now, easy, "Gov!"
Here we go!

Carl Edward "Bunny" Schultze

Foxy Grandpa 7 January 1900 to 2 February 1902

The Herald Vaudeville Show 7 January to 3 June 1900

Our Vaudeville Show 23 September to 16 December 1900

Three Polar Bears from the Northpole 5 to 26 January 1902

Schultze later did *Foxy Grandpa* for the Hearst organization.

Richard Felton Outcault

Nixie 18 March to 23 September 1900

Budd and His Aunt Becky 28 October to 30 December 1900

Poor Li'l Mose 2 December 1900 to 24 August 1902

Buster Brown 4 May 1902 to 24 December 1905

Tommy Dodds 13 September 1903 to 10 April 1904

Buddy Tucker 30 April to 8 October 1905

Although Outcault's last signed *Buster Brown* page appeared on 24 December 1905, *The Herald* used ghost artists to continue the series to 22 January 1911. On 3 January 1906 Outcault resumed his *Buster Brown* series for the Hearst organization.

Frank Crane

Youthful Inventor 6 May to 2 September 1900

Willie Westinghouse Edison Smith 27 May to 8 July 1900 and 27 October 1901 to 20 July 1902

Muggsy 18 May to 24 August 1902

The Muddled Menagerie 23 and 30 July 1905

Miss Meddle 21 April to 5 May 1912

The Gentle Vagabond 19 September 1915 to 27 February 1916

Uncle Dick's Contraptions For Boys 19 September to 31 October 1915

Squire Blossom 5 March to 31 December 1916

Crane also did a *Willie* and a *Muggsy* series for the *North American Syndicate*.

Clarence Rigby

20th Century ABCS (or Nursery Rhymes) 2 December 1900 to 3 March 1901

Toyland (under a variety of titles) 16 December 1900 to 26 January 1902

Jungle Jingles 21 July to 1 September 1901

Charles R. Macauley

Mr. Goodthynge 13 January to 3

Henry "HY" Mayer

The Zoological Kindergarten 28 April to 12 May (possibly 19) 1901

Will O' Dreams and the Sandman 12 to 26 April 1903

Neville Cain

Little Hi and Little Ho, The Cheerful Chinks 5 to 12 or 19 May 1901

Peechee Fan and Teezee Nan, The Merry Mongol Maids 8 to 22 September 1901

F. Neydhart

Mrs. Simpleton 30 June to 21 July 1901

Gracia Casson

Tin Tan Tales for Children 28 July to 18 August 1901

Foxy Grandpa by Carl Edward "Bunny" Schultze, 14 January 1900. Ohio State University Cartoon Research Library

Louise Quarles

Bun's Puns 18 August and 29 September 1901

Ollendorff

Hapless Towser 2 February to 13 April 1902

(A rooster as a signature)

Hardy Hiram 2 March to 13 April 1902

Charles Jay Taylor

The Gentle Citizen 6 April to 20 July 1902

Half-Back Harold and Simple Sibyl 22 March to 10 May 1903

Henry Cornell Greening

Postage Stampland 11 May to 1 June 1902

Si Swapper 11 May to 31 August 1902

The Woo Woo Bird 31 January to 25 April 1909

Percy "Brains He Has Nix" 1 October 1911 to 12 January 1913

Majah Moovie 20 December 1914 to 17 October 1915

Fritz Von Blitz the Kaiser's Hoodoo 18 August 1918 to 23 February 1919

Percy (later *Percy in Stageland*) 2 March 1919 to 28 March 1920

Foster M. Follett

Barnyard 22 and 29 June 1902

Faithful Jeems 13 July to 10 August 1902

Billy Bunk 9 December 1923 to 27 April 1924

Robert Carter

Just Little Ones 17 August 1902 to 1 November 1903

Montmorency (and *Prof. Gasem*) 17 May to 28 June 1903

[unsigned]

Woman's Wit and Feminine Fancy (later *Fancies of the Fair*) 7 September 1902 to 16 July 1905

Charles Reese

Just Kids 9 November 1902 to 8 February 1903

Herald's Social Cartoons 22 and 29 March 1903

Marie Overton Corbin and Charles Buxton

Mother Cod Jingles 18 January to 22 February 1903

Palmer Cox

The Brownies in the Phillipines 7 June to 29 November 1903

Mary G. Jones

Small Potatoes 19 July to 6 September 1903

Gustav Verbeek

The Upside-Downs of Little Ladylovekins and Old Man Muffaroo 11 October 1903 to 15 January 1905

The Terrors of the Tinytads 28 May 1905 to 25 October 1914

Loony Lyrics of Lulu 17 July to 23 October 1910

Walter Bobbet

A music series 15 November 1903 to 6 March 1904

J. B. Lowitz

Swifty and His Wonderful Dreams 6 December 1903 to 22 May 1904

Gallaway

Citizen Fixit 27 December 1903 to 26 February 1905

Absentminded Augie 22 January to 21 May 1905

Louis Laughs 28 May to 2 July 1905

A. T. "Crite" Crichton

Boastful Bob (later *Boastful Bob's Adventures*) 13 March to 17 July 1904

Naughty Gnome 23 June to 14 July 1907

J. M. Conde

Brier and Bramble the Bold Bunnies 3 April to 5 June 1904; 6 and 13 March 1910

W. O. Wilson

The Richleigh Family on Tour 1 May to 23 October 1904

The Wish Twins and Aladdin's Lamp 30 October 1904 to 5 January 1908

Champion of the Chimpanzee 9 July to 8 October 1905

Ba Ba 12 January to 26 July 1908

Robert A. Graef

Leap Year Society 1 May to 14 August 1904

Hints to Society 21 August 1904 to 21 May 1905

Latter Day Rescues 15 October 1905 to 18 February 1906

J. P. Benson

The Woozlebeasts 5 June 1904 to 1 January 1905

Winsor McCay

Little Sammy Sneeze 24 July 1904 to 26 May 1907

Hungry Henrietta 8 January to 16 July 1905

Little Nemo in Slumberland 15 October 1905 to 23 July 1911; 3 August 1924 to 26 December 1926

Dreams of the Rarebit Fiend 19 January to 3 August 1913

Cinderella Peggy by Harold Arthur McGill, 16 August 1914. Draper Hill Collection, Ohio State University Cartoon Research Library

CINDERELLA PEGGY

She Wins a Love Set

Copyright, 1936, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

THE WRETCHES!

PEGGY, LOOK AT THE STATE OF THIS VERANDAH! HAVEN'T YOU SENSE ENOUGH TO SWEEP IT WITHOUT BEING TOLD? IF ANYBODY CALLS, WE'RE OVER TO THE BUSBY'S.

IT'S TOO BAD THE GRASS ON OUR TENNIS COURT IS SO LONG. WE COULD HAVE A GAME.

WE CAN PLAY ON THE BUSBY'S COURT. WE'LL RUN OVER TO THE HOUSE AND GET OUR RACKETS.

CALL AND GET OURS, TOO, ON YOUR WAY BACK, BOYS.

WELL-WELL! IF IT ISN'T MISS PEGGY!

MAY WE HAVE SISTERS' RACKETS, MISS PEGGY?

WHY CERTAINLY BOYS.

PERHAPS MISS PEGGY PLAYS TENNIS!

YES, I JUST LOVE TO, BUT THE GRASS IS TOO LONG.

WE'LL FIX THAT UP AFTER WE FINISH THIS JOB. YOU JUST SIT DOWN AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE MISS PEGGY

YOU ARE DOING FINE, BOYS!

GREAT TEAM WORK HERE, MISS PEGGY.

MORE LIME, JOE!

HEY, LARRY, YOU'RE NOT MARKING THAT LINE STRAIGHT!

NEED A 4TH MAN TO MAKE UP THE SET?

HERE'S BILL! SURE! GET IN THE GAME.

EVERYBODY TOSS UP AND SEE WHO'S TO PLAY WITH MISS PEGGY.

ROUGH!

ROUGH!

SMOOTH!

SMOOTH! HOORAY! I PLAY WITH MISS PEGGY!

SURELY THOSE BOYS SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW!

I THINK WE'D BETTER GO HOME!

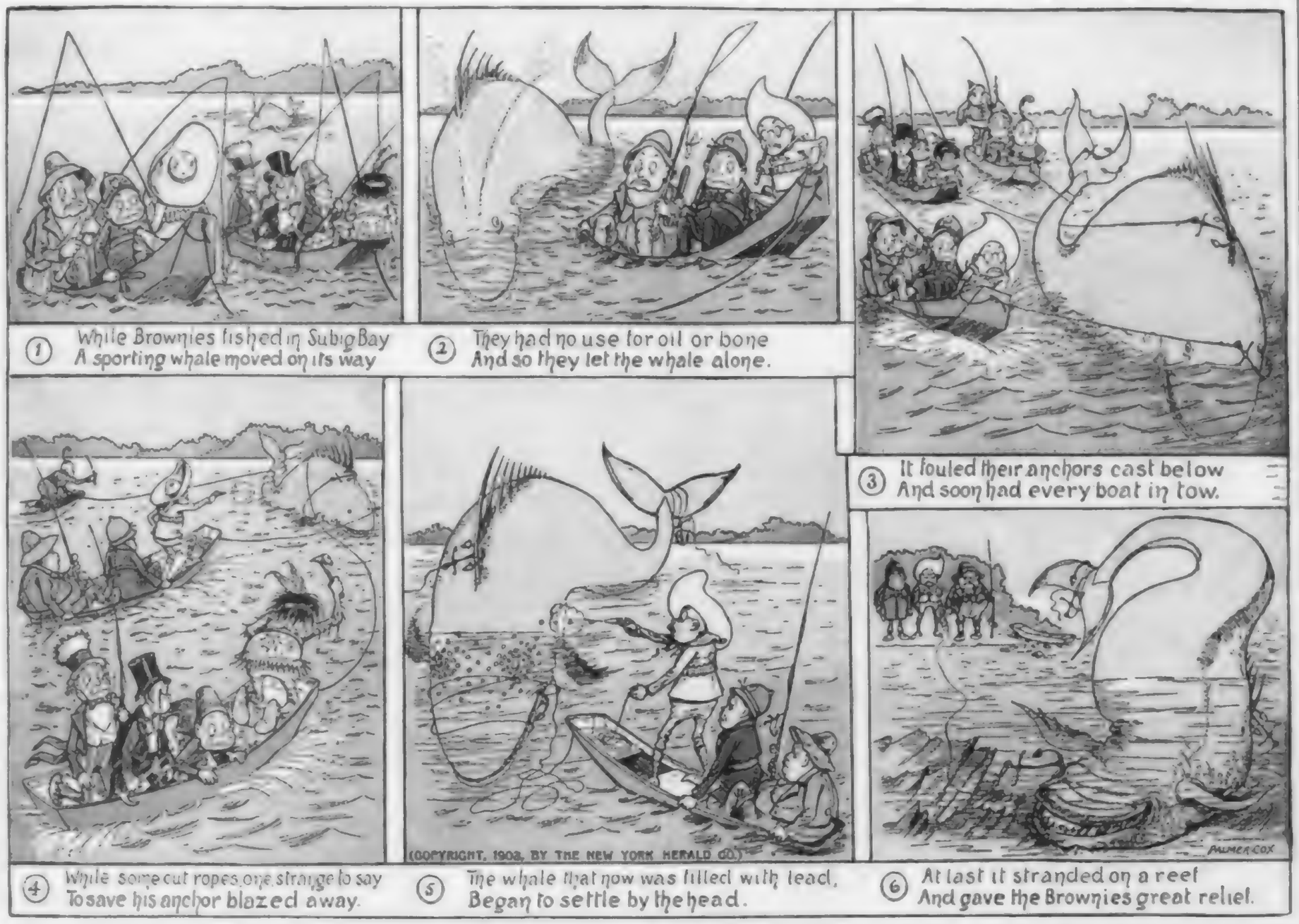
CONTINUE WITH THE GAME PLEASE! DON'T LET US INTERRUPT YOU!

K-ZIP!

IS LOVE! PLAY!

H.K. M'Gill

THE BROWNIES IN THE PHILIPPINES by PALMER COX.


(1) While Brownies fished in Subig Bay
A sporting whale moved on its way
(2) They had no use for oil or bone
And so they let the whale alone.
(3) It fouled their anchors cast below
And soon had every boat in tow.
(4) While some cut ropes one strange to say
To save his anchor blazed away.
(5) The whale that now was filled with lead,
Began to settle by the head.
(6) At last it stranded on a reef
And gave the Brownies great relief.
(COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)
PALMER COX

SMALL POTATOES.

The Brownies in the Philippines by Palmer Cox, and Small Potatoes by Mary G. Jones, 1903. Richard D. Olson Collection, Ohio State University Cartoon Research Library

Tom Tucker

Betsy Bounce and Her Doll 14 August 1904 to 14 May 1905

Clara Andrews-Williams

The House That Glue Built 19 February to 9 April 1905

Peter Sheaf Hersey Newel

The Naps of Polly Sleepyhead 25 February to 25 November 1906

Polly Sleepyhead 2 December 1906 to 31 March 1907

Quincy Scott

Loony Literature 7 April to 16 June 1907

W. M. Goodes

Jumbo Junior 2 June 1907 to 15 March 1908

Norman E. Jennett

Crodunk 21 July to 4 August 1907

Monkey Shines of Marseleen 11 August 1907 to 13 March 1910

Munson Paddock

Angelic Angelina 22 March 1908 to 7 February 1909

Coulyons (?)

Waggles in Wonderland 2 August 1908 to 24 January 1909

Harry Grant Dart

Boys Will Be Boys 7 February to 9 May 1909

Charles Twelvetrees

Johnny Quack and the Van Cluck Twins 16 May 1909 to 14 August 1910

Johnny Quack And His Pals Chuck Wood and Willie Hop 21 August 1910 to 29 January 1911

Jack the Giant Killer 6 August to 3 September 1911

Frank Arthur Nankivel

Uncle Mun 2 January 1910 to 24 August 1913

H. E. Cowley

The Wigglemuch 20 March to 19 June 1910

Garnet Warren

Jack and Jill in Fairyland 31 July 1910 to 5 March 1911

John B. Gruelle

Mr Tweedeedle 5 February 1911 to 10 March 1918

Arthur Lewis

The Rag Tag and Bob Tail 12 March to 16 July 1911

[unsigned]

Professor Howler's Calamities 23 July 1911 to 14 April 1912

Charles J. Budd

Matt's and May's Matinees 30 July to 24 September 1911

Earl Hurd

Hot Off the Pen 3 September 1911 to 11 February 1912

Brick Bodkin's Pa 2 June 1912 to 26 April 1914

A. D. Reed

After Dark 17 to 31 March 1912

Charles H. Forbell

Naughty Pete 10 August to 7 December 1913

Thornton Fisher

The Wishing Wisp 31 August 1913 to 12 April 1914

Alfred E. Hayward

Great Caesar's Ghost 14 December 1913 to 25 October 1914

Pinheadus 1 November 1914 to 12 September 1915

The Colonel 24 October 1915 to 20 February 1916

Colonel Corn 27 February 1916 to 3 November 1918

Russel Westover

Snapshot Bill 19 April 1914 to 10 March 1918

Ginger Pop 3 May 1914 to 14 January 1917

Looie and His Tin Lizzie 21 January 1917 to 10 March 1918

Clyde Ludwick

Once Upon A Time 7 January 1917 to 27 January 1918

Stewart

Jimmy Dodge-A-Job 3 February to 11 August 1918

Gene Byrnes

Wide Awake Willie 17 March 1918 to 28 November 1920

Reg'lar Fellers 5 December 1920

This series continued in the *New York Herald-Tribune* after the merger of 19 March 1924

Jack Farr

If They Came Back 17 March to 11 August 1918

Mr. Jolt 18 August to 10 November 1918

Chubby's Diary 4 April to 18 July 1920

Chubby 25 July to 24 October 1920

THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS.

1.—What kind of Cabbage Plant is that, and why is it so sad?
Is it a Melancauliflower, and does it fear the Tad?

2.—Oh, yes, it fears the Tiny Tad, and has good reason, too!
For he is going to chop it down and take it home to chew.

3.—But suddenly he drops it, for he hears an awful yell,
And then a Platypussycat comes after him pell-mell.

4.—It's lucky that a Motortoise is passing just below,
He takes the Tad upon his back and off they swiftly go.

5.—They pass a Mosquitotempole, a grewsome sort of thing,
Who does not get quite near enough to give the Tad a sting.

6.—The ride is o'er! But what is this? A flower is shedding tears!
"Oh, sweet, Morosebud!" cries the Tad, "I'll kiss away your fears."

JUMBO JUNIOR.

HERE, I'D BETTER OVER AND ASK UNCLE'S APPRENTICE IF HE'S GOT THAT DEVICE I'M READY FOR OLD ELLIE YET AND GIVE HIM THE 5 DOLLARS I'LL OWE HIM THE REST OF THE MONEY SOME DAY. I'LL WAIT HERE TILL YOU COME BACK.
ALL RIGHT! ELLIE AIN'T ME TOMED ME'S ELEPHANT YOU AS ME?
THAT'S THE TICKET! AND TOO BAD ABOUT THE QUARTER!
NOT YET. I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM SOME OF THESE DAYS.
ME SAYS THIS ONE'LL BE BOUT LEVEN DOLLARS. I'LL HAND ONLY THE MONEY FOR YOU.
NOW! THEY COME HIGH, HOWEVER— THAT LAST QUIZ OD A PUNT I'M AFRAID IT'S BEEN COPTHE ELE-PHANT. I'LL CHARGE THIS TO ELLIE AND ME SON FOR SENDING ME THE ELEPHANT.
ME THINKS I'M ASLEEP.
THE DIRECTIONS SAY STEAL UPON ELEPHANTS AND REMOVE CONTENTS OF JUG ON ELEPHANT'S TRUNK AND IT WILL BECOME SO HEAVY THAT HE CAN'T MOVE IT. THEN HELP YOURSELF AT YOUR LEISURE.
BOO-O-O-O-OO!
GRACIOUS SAKES ME STARTLED ME! I THOUSENT ME WAS SOUND ASLEEP.
(COPYRIGHT 1908, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)
All Rights Reserved.
DID I STARTLE YOU, OLD MAN? TA-TA!
AIN'T THIS FRIENTFUL? — I — I THERE WE GOES AGRIN!
W. M. Goodrich

Alvin C. Hadley

Marty the Marine 10 November 1918
The name of this series was changed to *Marty the "Outa Luck" Marine* when it was transferred to the main comic section of the *Herald* on 16 February 1919. The title was changed to *Marty Muggs* on 20 July 1919. It ended on 16 May 1920.

R. D. Highet

Bubbleland 10 November 1918 to 25 April 1920

Harold Arthur McGill

Percy And His Bride 2 May 1920 to 2 January 1921

Percy And Ferdie 9 January 1921 to 28 January 1923

Martin Michael Branner

Pete and Pinto the Cowkids Of O-Joy Ranch
23 May to 5 December 1920

Crawford Young

The Finkles 31 October to 26 December 1920

Clarence 10 July 1921
This series continued in the *New York Herald-Tribune* after the merger of 19 March 1924

Jerry Costello

Cosmo 12 December 1920 to 23 January 1921

Hawkeye Jr. 30 January to 13 February 1921

The Topsy Turvies 20 February to 27 March 1921

Charles M. Payne

S'Matter Pop 2 January 1921
This series was actually syndicated by Bell. It continued in the *New York Herald-Tribune* after the merger of 19 March 1924

Roger Morrison and Carolyn Wells

The Adventures of Daredevil Dot 3 April to 3 July 1921

G. B. Inwood

Billy Bunk 5 February to 2 December 1923

This series was taken over by F. M. Follet on 9 December 1923 and continued to 27 April 1924.

Although the *New York Tribune* was a late comer to the Sunday newspaper comic competition, its efforts to produce its own material should not go unrecorded in this series on early New York newspapers. The *Tribune* ran an early four page Sunday comic section from 25 October 1914 to 25 June 1916, and then once on 23 July 1916. The material used in this experiment was not syndicated by the *Tribune* itself, and included the following:

The Terrors of Tiny Tads by Gustav Verbeek, and *Jumbo Junior* by W. M. Goodes, 23 February 1908. Woody Gelman Collection, Ohio State University Cartoon Research Library

Charles H. Wellington

That Son-in-Law of Pa's/syndicated by Hearst's Newspaper Feature Service

Cliff Sterrett

Polly/syndicated by Hearst's Newspaper Feature Service

Grace G. Drayton

Dimples/syndicated by Grace G. Drayton

Harold Arthur McGill

Cinderella Peggy/syndicated by Hearst's Newspaper Feature Service. This series ended in the *Tribune* on 29 November 1914, to be replaced by:

A. C. Fera

Just Boy/syndicated by Hearst's Newspaper Feature Service

On 14 April 1919 the *Tribune* began to print its own Sunday material with the appearance of Clare Briggs' *Mr. & Mrs.* This was expanded on 11 April 1920 into a four page section that included the following comic series:

Tony Sarg (writer); George Mitchell (artist)

Lazy Larry 11 April to 17 October 1920

F. C. Collinge

Dimmy Doodles 11 April to 8 August 1920

Charles A. Voight

Betty 11 April 1920 to 13 June 1943

Harrison Cady

Peter Rabbit 15 August 1920 to 25 July 1948

Charles H. Wellington

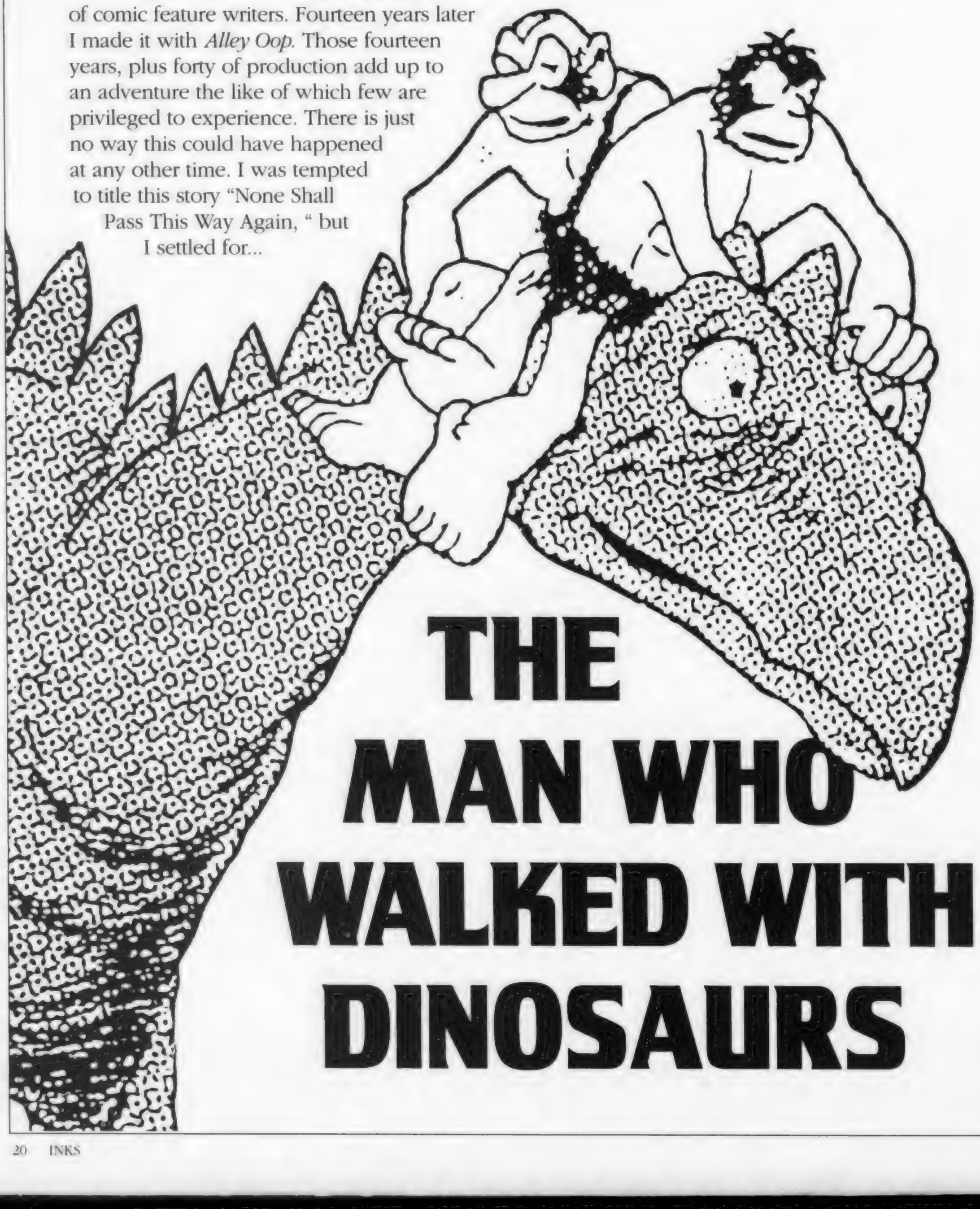
Pa's Son-in-Law 24 October 1920 to 19—?
Wellington had previously done this series under the title *That Son-in-Law of Pa's* for Hearst's Newspaper Feature Service.

On Wednesday 19 March 1924 the *New York Tribune* was merged with the *New York Herald* to become the *New York Herald-Tribune*. For some time both comic sections were included in the newly-formed newspaper.

NOTE

1. The newspaper comic series can be found in at least three formats: the Sunday full page and the single panel as well as the strip. The works discussed here do not fit neatly into one category more than another (particularly in the early years). In recognition of this, I use the term *newspaper comic series* to describe the cartooning efforts that appear in newspapers.

The comic strip as a popular newspaper feature is a creature of the twentieth century. By 1917 it was showing a healthy growth as a humorous and amusing space filler. In almost no time it became the medium for running continuities, a valuable agent insuring day after day reading, something the continued stories carried by newspapers in those days failed to do very well. I came out of the war in 1919 with a knack for drawing imaginative material, and a determination to join the ranks of comic feature writers. Fourteen years later I made it with *Alley Oop*. Those fourteen years, plus forty of production add up to an adventure the like of which few are privileged to experience. There is just no way this could have happened at any other time. I was tempted to title this story "None Shall Pass This Way Again, " but I settled for...



THE MAN WHO WALKED WITH DINOSAURS

BY VINCENT T. HAMLIN

We are grateful to Teddy Hamlin Dewalt, V. T. and Dorothy Hamlin's daughter, for permission to reprint this excerpt from her father's autobiography, and to its editor, Frank Stack, for his generous assistance in the preparation of this excerpt. The work was written as Hamlin struggled with failing eyesight and poor health. The final page of the manuscript is dated 5 October 1984. V. T. Hamlin died 14 June 1993.

This is the story of *Alley Oop* , a tale that appeared explosively late in the summer of 1933 on the comic pages of newspapers all over the United States and Canada. I'm not so sure about the coverage it got in the press of our cousins in the British Isles. However, in time it spread pretty well around the world, its balloons translated into several languages.

This comic strip featured a low-browed, well-muscled prehistoric man, a caveman if you prefer, in the title role. This caveman headed a cast of six regulars, seven if you count Dinny the dinosaur, who, in a manner of speaking, was quite a large part of the assemblage all by himself. Alley Oop was a young adult, probably in his early twenties, when we began to portray the daily doings of this most remarkable citizen of what we chose to call the bone age.

A million years ago? Fifty million? Who knows or cares, but it was 'way back there when a body's next door neighbor might well be a scaly creature of some ten or twenty tons, casting a shadow of maybe thirty or forty feet. Very interesting, this 'way back there place was, and, as you might assume, dangerous. All the better for the stories that come pouring out of the author-artist's hand to amuse a lot of folks (and himself) who like their funnies to be full of action and excitement. As a rule the author of a story is pressured to have some considerable knowledge of his subject. Not so this one. His nearest contact with a jungle of any geological era was early twentieth century Iowa cornfields and the sparse timberland bordering the occasional streams that meandered through various cow pastures . . . or a gaggle of oil derricks that cluttered areas of West Texas where he had worked as a geologist's helper when not otherwise engaged as a press photographer, reporter, or something for a number of Texas publications. Therefore this writing is not just a review of some prehistoric peoples' outlandish capers as envisioned by a comic artist. Its purpose it to deal with the comic strip's background as experienced by its creator, V. T. Hamlin. That's me.

I was born in Perry, Iowa, on 10 May 1900. The V is for Vincent, bestowed on me by my little ninety-two pound mother whose sparkling black eyes always seemed to reflect the heritage of her Confederate ancestors in Tennessee, Louisiana, and the Carolinas of which she was, God rest her soul, so proud. The T is for Trout, my mother's family name. Her father, Alexander Trout, M. D., was better known as Old Doc Trout, Civil War veteran, graduate of Rust Medical in Chicago, and beloved country doctor for fifty years.

My father, Frederick D. Hamlin, D. D. S., although born in Peoria, Illinois, was a product of upper New York State. His father Azro, was a close relative of Hannibal Hamlin, Abraham Lincoln's vice president through the Civil War years. Dad's mother was Carrie Davis of Vermont, and no grander lady ever rode a covered wagon west out onto Iowa's rolling prairies.

And so you might say I was born astraddle the Mason-Dixon line, and the epithet "blue-bellied damned Yankee" was not an entirely unheard term around home. Why all this family history? Because it is all a part of the extraordinary material that ultimately made up the fabric from which I tailored the production of this funny paper feature. Placing a comic strip in lots of newspapers all over the country is no easy proposition, especially when you're dealing with hard-headed, old-line outfits like the Newspaper Enterprise Association and the Scripps Howard Company. We had an ace in the hole, however, and how we got it is a story in itself.

Back in 1929, the nationwide economic woes were especially bad in Texas where I'd been for a number of years. Things got so tough we packed up and left. A job opened up for me in Iowa as foreman of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune's* art department. It was a nice set up, interesting work with pleasant people, and moderately profitable. I should have been content, but I wasn't. Even though a Hawkeye by birth, Iowa's unpleasant winters made me restless, and the only escape I could see was to come up with some kind of feature that a syndicate would buy, setting us free to go wherever we wished.

With me it had to be a comic strip—but what kind of subject could be handled that hadn't already been done by the swarm of cartoonists presently covering the field? We settled on what we felt would have an outstanding eye appeal. We'd do a strip that

featured dinosaurs. That subject would be just the ticket for a couple of ambitious young folks fresh out of Texas where Sinclair Oil Company had made the big prehistoric reptiles a startling advertising showpiece. Not only did we choose dinosaurs for their spectacular appeal. We also thought they'd be funny— like the big Plymouth Rock chickens that amused me as a child on my grandparents' farm. They were funny in their dignified dumbness, and somehow, kind of dinosaur-like.

That was in the winter of 1930. You don't have to guess what filled most of my spare time for the next year: drawing comic strips filled with big bizarre monsters and funny-looking hairy people wearing animal skins. Prominent among those people was one Oop the Mighty. Pretty trite, wasn't it? Yes, indeed. Really, I should have known better. Looking over that year's work, my innate feeling and years of newspaper experience told me that, despite spectacular monsters, Oop the Mighty was a bust. And so, before the eyes of my astonished family, I pitched the whole batch into the fireplace and watched them disappear in flames.

The summer of 1931 came and with it our annual two-week vacation, which we took chasing bass, bluegills, and walleyed pike on lakes in northern Minnesota. It was there that the ghost of Oop the Mighty drifted through my consciousness, suggesting I drop "the Mighty" from Oop and place and "Alley" on the front side of him. It seemed like a good idea. Perhaps my use of the word ghost is inappropriate. Better if I had referred to my mystic advisor as my guardian angel, of whose existence there is no doubt in my mind. Ever at my elbow, his silent counsel has often kept me afloat when conscious wit seemed unequal to the situation. With renewed vigor upon our return to Des Moines we began in our off-duty time to do the strip all over again—and *Alley Oop* was born.

Within months, my answer to an ad in the *Chicago Tribune* requesting stories, cartoons, comics, and general material suitable for syndication brought me a buyer for my work. As syndicate contracts go, it wasn't much. Although loud in their praise of my *Alley Oop*, they required only two strips a week,[1] and, as what they offered in payment wasn't nearly enough for us to live on, I stayed with the newspaper in Des Moines. After all, it wasn't money that was important at this time. It was the exposure. Getting in print was my main objective. As it turned out, it was one hundred percent smart.

The little Chicago syndicate, Bonnett-Brown by name, was what was known in those days as a patent medicine syndicate. They did business with small, mostly rural publications, trading various kinds of novelty features for valuable advertising space. No big deal, but a workably profitable arrangement for all parties. *Alley Oop* soon proved to be the syndicate's headliner; and in no time at all it, it was being published in some thirty-five or forty papers.

But all was not well with many of the country's shaky banks in 1933, and, with the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, a bank holiday was declared.

I'LL LEAVE JUST ENOUGH VINES TO LET ME PULL A SNEAK BEFORE HE WRIGGLES LOOSE —
THERE, YA BIG STONE HEAD! IF YA WORK REAL HARD, YA OUGHTA UNTANGLE YERSELF —AFTER WHILE!

This was too much for a number of businesses, Bonnett-Brown among them. So ended my *Alley Oop's* comic career . . . or so it seemed. But some of the editors who had featured *Alley Oop* appealed to the big syndicates to pick it up. "A fine idea," the Scripps Howard editorial writers for NEA agreed. A brand-new reader-tested comic strip for the taking. But nobody knew or could find out where or with whom to make a deal. Apparently the Bonnett-Brown people would not, or legally could not, talk; and none of their subscribers seemed to have any answerers. But Phil Bessey, a traveling representative of NEA, found an answer on the wall over a newsman's's desk in Faribault, Minnesota. It was an *Alley Oop* Christmas card, hand-colored and signed, complete with return address.

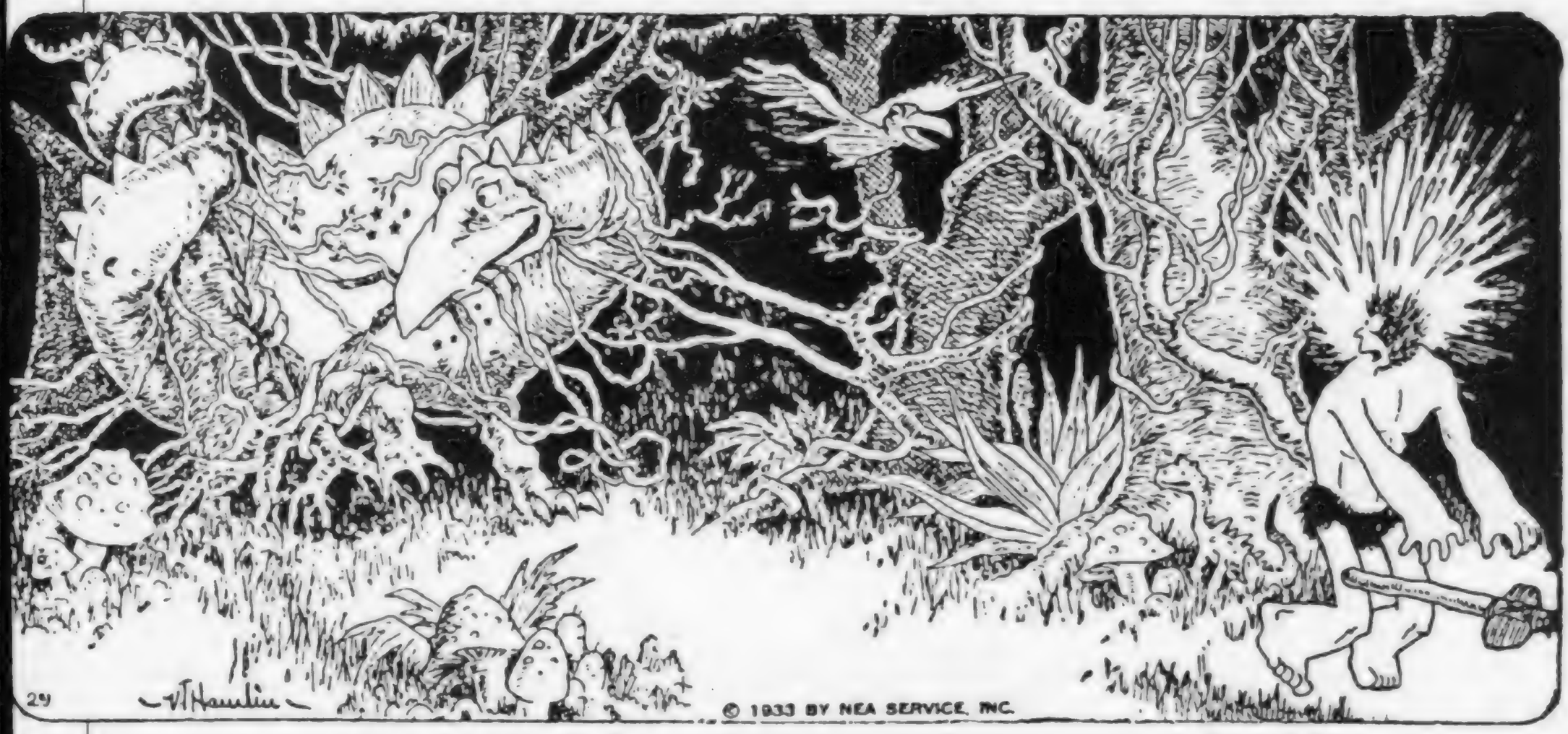
. . . let me explain how that card came to be in the Faribault newspaper office: Back in 1918, while serving with the American Expeditionary Force, an attack of flu put me in Base Hospital #60 in Neufchateau, France. I was next to a former newsman from Faribault, Minnesota, a town not too far north of Perry, Iowa, my point of origin. He seemed to like the sketches I'd do in his letters, and he reckoned I'd be a cartoonist like the one I was always talking about (J. N. "Ding" Darling of the *Des Moines Register & Tribune*). So it was only natural when Christmas of 1932 came along and I'd made it as a cartoonist (as he had predicted), I'd have my old hospital buddy high on my Christmas card list.

So when the Hamlin machine took a dive into the comic strip maelstrom, it was with a story line laid in prehistoric times, a wide open field with plenty of action and spectacular eye appeal. . . I don't know to this day what arrangement NEA made with the defunct Bonnett-Brown outfit to secure the rights to *Alley Oop*, but they didn't have any trouble signing me to produce it . . . we began what was to be forty years' production of the story of a man who lived with dinosaurs five hundred thousand years ago.

Not only did he live with dinosaurs. He was associated with quite a number of remarkable people, like Ooola, a comely young brunette lass whom I'm sure most of the readership concluded was Mr. Oop's girlfriend. Well, maybe she was. I didn't dwell too much on that, which in the thirties might have been considered a touchy subject. But they were pretty close friends anyway.

Then there were the residents of the royal palace of Moo, the King and his lady, the ample Queen Umpateedle, so named by my good spouse for reasons beyond my comprehension. She wore a crown, a la Happy Hooligan style, slightly to one side of the bone around which her hair was tightly drawn and knotted. King Guzzle, Guz for short, was almost a carbon copy of Oop, except for the leopard skin, a symbol of royalty, he wore over his noticeable middle-aged spread. And his nose, unlike Oop's, was bulbous and adorned with a prominent wart. Like his queen, he wore a Hooligan-type

29 August 1933. *Alley Oop* is reprinted by permission of Newspaper Enterprise Association, Inc.



crown. King Guz wasn't a bad sort really, but it must be kept in mind that he was THE king, and so, at times it occurred to him, he'd conduct himself obnoxiously. Another prominent member of the cast was Pookie, the Grand Wizer, a beady-eyed, slightly older type, reminiscent perhaps of Merlin, the magician of King Arthur's court. He was skinny, bearded, and also wore the leopard skin badge of royalty—only his badge was little more than a breech brief. The Wizer wore on his head the black feathered body of a baleful-looking bird, its head high and to the front, its long scraggly tail where it belonged, out back. Like a sore thumb, he was usually at the king's elbow to see that his royal highness conducted himself as such and received his due in whatever was profitable to anybody. This advisory personage in the palace sort of tipped the scales against poor Oop—So one day while walking down Lake Avenue in Cleveland, I was inspired to invent a pal for Oop, a person of great wisdom, if not beauty, to even things for my hero. Dorothy passed favorably on my first rough drawing of Foozy, and came up with a notable idea. "Let's have him always speak in rhyme," she suggested. It was agreed, and Foozy moved in and from that day forth, Alley Oop has had trouble keeping him from stealing the show.

Almost last, but certainly not least, was Dinny. Dinny was a dinosaur, a big fellow some forty feet long with a row of upright pointed plates along his spine from head to tail; with a head more avian than reptile; with a big mouth full of tyrannosaurus-type teeth. I can assure you no paleontological dig will ever unearth the skeletal remains of a creature such as my beloved cartoon-osaurus.

Dinny, a very necessary property in this picturized yarn, was the subject of the feature's first story: how he and Alley happened to get together and, as friends, stayed forever after more or less inseparable. That little story began when our hero, deep in the jungle in search of some choice morsel for dinner, happened upon the huge monster, hopelessly entrapped in a tangle of tough—and I do mean tough—undergrowth. Alley's first thought was that this was a bonanza of good, red meat, enough to feed everyone in the kingdom for days to come. But how to dispatch such a beast with only a stone axe was beyond even his mighty talents. So, being a compassionate soul, he decided to chop through a few of the tougher bonds holding the creature—and then take off for a place of safety.

That was the scenario, stolen no doubt from some Aesop's fable I'd read about a chap who'd removed a nasty thorn from the paw of a lion. Sound familiar? Yes, it was a definite literary theft. But Dinny got loose before Alley could escape and showed his gratitude by tossing my scared-silly hero high into the air to land astraddle the dinosaur's neck, where off and on Alley Oop stayed for the next forty (of our) years.

In creating Dinny for my story's purpose, considerable care was taken to construct a creature to look like a dinosaur, but to be distinguishable from all others of that or any other geological period. The body was a cross between a camarasaurus and a diplodocus; the spinal plates slightly similar to those of a stegosarus; and the head, mouth and all, came right off a *Bluebook* magazine cover illustration by Herbert Morton Stoops, one of the most inspiring illustrators of that grand period of pulp magazine adventure fiction. The critter wasn't put together all in one day either. But once assembled, I had the feeling he was going to take not only Alley Oop a lot of places, but me, too—and he did. We worked a lot of episodes in and around that big critter, some especially about the royal family's efforts to legislate Dinny from Oop's possession to their own and, failing that, outlawing the dinosaur, which didn't work either.

It was lots of fun for me working up yarns more or less paralleling some of our modern political idiosyncrasies. But even so, my stories showed the community doing rather well with Oop's big domestosarus providing the means of securing fresh meat. But there was a need to be careful with that angle: I got some fan mail objecting to the violent demise of some of those "nice" dinosaurs.

Yes, that's right. Death has no place on the comic pages.

. . . That winter in Sarasota [1938] I began to feel the relentless pressure of the seven-day production weeks. I didn't know it then, but some of my physical stress was eye strain despite the many days of diversion bass fishing the back country with a bunch of big league baseball players who wintered in Sarasota. There was another bogey, too . . . my field of story material was growing ever thinner regardless of the vastness of my Moovian people's jungle world . . . That fall I accepted visual aid; and while it lessened the stress, the search for fresh material continued.

My mother's death in Iowa and a business trip to Cleveland were my only occasions for travel in 1938, as Dorothy put us all out on Siesta Beach while she built a beautiful Monterey ranch house on

16 September 1934. Courtesy of Frank Stack. *Alley Oop* is reprinted by permission of Newspaper Enterprise Association, Inc.

...nite Comics in Full Color

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

COMIC SECTION

The Journal's Family of Funny Folks

Sunday, September 16, 1934

ALLEY OOP

by V. T. Hamlin

LOOKA TH' WEAPONS! — THOSE GUYS ARE RICH! YAH. TH' BLASTED PLUTOCRATS!

HEY, ALLEY OOP - I GOT A SWELL AXE I'D LIKE TO TRADE YA FOR A HUNKA THAT DINOSAUR YA GOT!

SORRY, ZABO, OL' PAL - WE'RE ALL OUT - BUT FOOZY AN' I ARE GOIN' RIGHT OUT AN' BRING IN ANOTHER ONE!

WITH FOLKS SO WILD ABOUT DINOSAUR MEAT, WE GOTTA RACKET THAT CAN'T BE BEAT!

YUP. THAT'S RIGHT!

MONSTERS OF THE PREHISTORIC

STEGOSAURUS
(STEG-O-SAR-US)
PLATED LIZARD

WOE UNTO THE UNWARY MONSTER WHO ATTACKED THIS ARMORED CHAR WITH HIS TEN-FOOT TAIL, ARMED WITH THREE-FOOT SPIKES. FOR ALL HIS FEARSOME APPEARANCE, HE LIVED ONLY ON GRASSES AND BUSHES. ONE TINY BRAIN IN HIS HEAD WAS UNABLE TO CONTROL HIS THIRTY-FOOT LENGTH, SO HE WAS EQUIPPED WITH ANOTHER, IN HIS HIND QUARTERS

FOR YOUR PREHISTORIC SCRAP BOOK. NEXT WEEK- BRONTOSAURUS

V.T. Hamlin

THERE'S A DINOSAUR THAT'LL BE EASY TO SNARE- SEE, IN TH' SWAMP, OVER THERE!

AW-THAT'UN'S TOO SMALL!

HOW'LL A BRONTOSAURUS DO? - HE OUGHTA BE BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU!

WHOOSH! 'S TOO BIG!

AN' THAT ONE IS TOO BONY! THERE'S NO MEAT ON THAT STEGOSAURUS

YOU'RE AWFUL PARTICULAR, IM HERE TO SAY - A DINO'S A DINO, ANY OL' DAY!

AW-WE'LL FIND JUST WHAT WE WANT-

LOOK! OVER THERE IN THE JUNGLE! A GOOD SIZED DINOSAUR — JUST WHAT WE'RE AFTER, I BETCHA! GIT OFF, QUICK - DINNY'LL GO GIT 'IM FOR US!

ATTA BOY, DINNY!! GO GIT 'IM! SIC-UM!

OWWOW! BAM! CRASH! BAM! OOF!

THERE YA ARE! DINNY'S MAULIN' 'IM SOMETHIN' AWFUL! — PRETTY SOFT FER US - EH?

WOW - DINNY BIT OFF MORE'N HE C'D CHEW - WE GOTTA SCRAM, IM TELLIN' YOU!

YOU'RE TELLIN' ME?

FRESH FRUITS! BANANAS TODAY! HAVE A LOOK AT OUR SWELL DISPLAY!

RAZZ-BERRIES!

FRESH DINOSAUR MEAT FRESH FRUIT

MODERN SCIENTISTS, EMPLOYING A MOVING PICTURE CAMERA IN THEIR TEST OF A TIME MACHINE, ARE AMAZED AT THi: RESULT
EUREKA! WE'VE DONE IT! OUR TIME MACHINE WORKS!
AND HOW!
THINK OF IT, JON! WE'VE PHOTOGRAPHED SOMETHING THAT TOOK PLACE PROBABLY A MILLION YEARS AGO!
SUPPOSING THAT BIG APE HAD REACHED THE CAMERA JUST AS WE PULLED IT BACK...
... WHY, WE MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT HIM RIGHT BACK INTO 1939 !!
MY STARS THE TIME MACHINE... I LEFT IT TURNED ON!
CRACKLE
POP
4-8

8 April 1939. *Alley Oop* is reprinted by permission of Newspaper Enterprise Association, Inc.

what passed for a hill overlooking Sarasota Bay. With a brand new houseboy to handle the chores, she had things well in hand. Then she figuratively took me on her knee and spelled out the solution to her husband's burgeoning problem.

"Do you remember that story you wrote about a time machine?"

"That was a long time ago," I mused. "The idea came while watching the film click through the gate on the old six 'A' Powers machines—especially when I ran the film backwards on the rewind spools. It must have been pretty awful. They couldn't get it back to me fast enough."

"Well, maybe so," she said, "but it's an idea you might incorporate into the strip. It certainly would give you a wider field to work with."

She was so right!

And that's how it started. I couldn't wait to get to Cleveland and sell the idea to Herb. It wasn't easy. It took the best part of a week, but it turned my problem around. With the whole of history to work with, I was off and away.

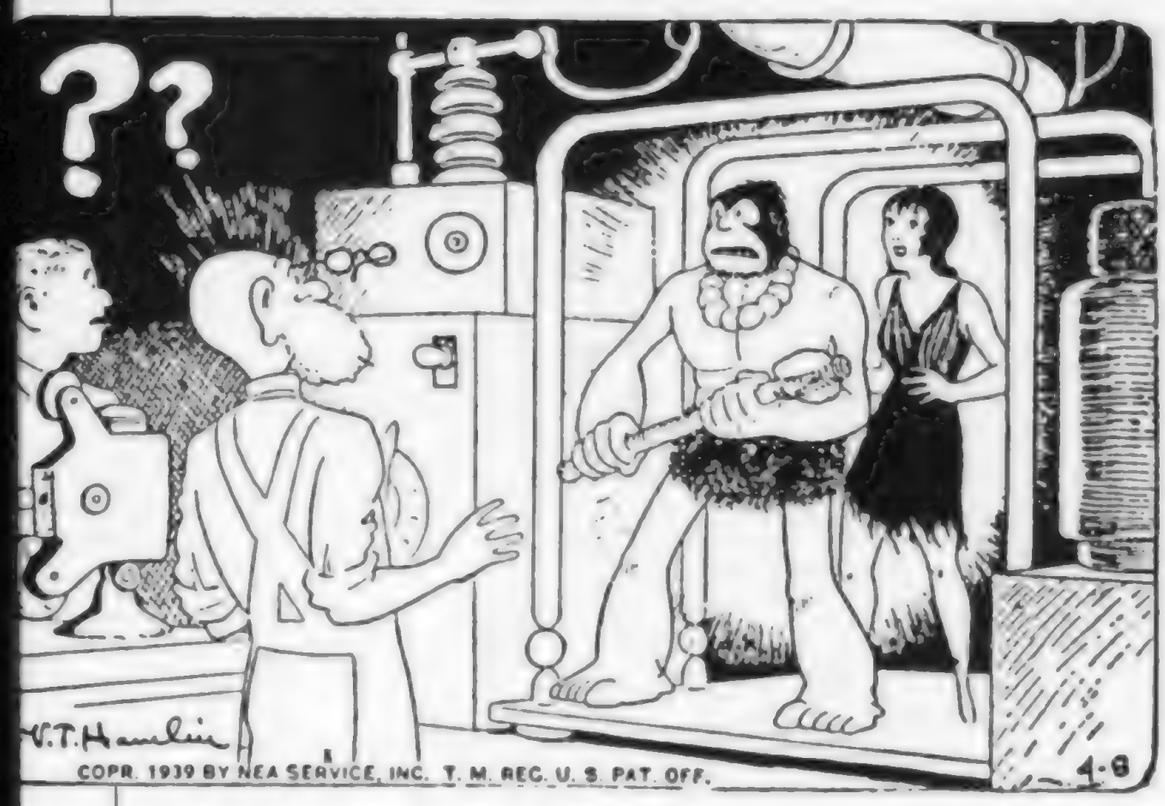
Introducing a time machine into a story laid in a very remote pre-historic setting seems relatively routine, but when you get right down to doing so, you encounter some problems. First, you must have what appears to be a practical time machine with which to work—a scientific looking assembly of gadgets that are not too difficult to draw because they'll have to be done over and over again. Even for a comic strip artist there are only so many hours in the day.

Second, it is only natural that you have an impressive looking personage to operate your fabulous gadgetry. In my case, the problem was solved by using a duplicate of the Moovian Grand Wizer wearing white laboratory attire with his head encased in an odd looking metallic helmet with ear phones and other appendages. And of course, my scientist had to have a name. Dr. Elbert Wonmug was my choice. Does that ring any bells? Maybe not, so let me explain that Elbert was as close to Albert as I could get, and the Wonmug (one mug) is a liberal transposition of Einstein. Pretty awful, eh? Well, no matter. I was happy with it.

A companion for Dr. Wonmug to talk to was also a necessity. I picked a likely character out of a Conan Doyle novel, a Professor Challenger, and renamed the burly, bearded reprobate G. Oscar Boom.[2] His line was explosives.

With these details disposed of, I chose to introduce the new characters into the story by easy steps rather than jumping into the twentieth century from prehistory in just a day or two. I began the transition by showing Alley Oop taking note of a strange little box clicking away in a jungle clearing. He circled the thing rather warily, then picked it up, registering a perfectly natural puzzlement. The box my primitive hero was studying was a compact 16mm movie camera sent back through the eons of time by Dr. Wonmug as he conducted an experimental test of his new invention, a time machine. Satisfied it was doing the job intended of it as seen by the image on the outfit's view screen, the scientist reversed its field and presto! Alley Oop, movie camera, axe, and all instantly materialized in the machine's ample receiving chamber. The man who'd lived with dinosaurs had just crossed through five hundred thousand centuries.

To say the least, Alley Oop was astonished—



although strangely enough (due of course to the author), he did not exhibit any hostility toward the doctor and his new surroundings. Stranger still, and I offer no apologetic explanations as to how my caveman could and did converse with Dr. Wonmug in pretty good run-of-the-mill Americanized English. In my world of cartoon science, there just was no place in the strip's balloons for a quantity of "ugs" and "woofs" and grunts to express what Oop had on his mind. He'd been speaking understandable English back in prehistoric Moo, so why not in his new setting? My handling of the language problem didn't seem to bother my readers to any noticeable extent. I received no mail on the subject.

With Alley Oop finally established in our today's world, quite naturally the first few weeks were devoted to the familiarization of my primitive with some common items as knives and forks. It took him quite a while to become accustomed to the use of electrical systems, and I'm not sure he ever did understand telephones. His first encounter with the smokey end of a freight train was a case in point, a gallant experience, albeit a frustrating one. It did, however, make for a good solid few days' continuity. When this field of amusing material thinned down to the "oh hum" state, the time machine came back into use, and my Moovian characters moved onto the plain of ancient Troy, a stage made ready some three thousand years ago by a Greek historical narrator by the name of Homer. I don't remember how it happened, but while Oop was outside the walls of the city with the Greeks, Ooola, Foozy, and company were inside with the Trojans. That made for an interesting diversion of Homer's tale of the first known use of a fifth column, the wooden horse. This story, better known as the *Iliad* with its sequel the *Odyssey*, had long been my idea of great reading, and therefore was a natural channel for an *Alley Oop* adventure.

The formula received popular acceptance. From then on, no literary classic or historical happening was too sacred a territory for *Alley Oop* to invade—with a couple of notable exceptions. These were the American Revolutionary War and the war between the states. I concluded our Canadian cousins wouldn't care too much for a George Washington scenario after receiving some critical mail from north of the border about a story I'd done about Napoleon and his brushes with the British. Much as I would have liked to have associated Oop with George Washington and company, it would not have enhanced our syndicate circulation in Canada. As for the Civil War, there was no room for comic strip humor in that great national tragedy. Having been brought up in a family whose forebears were of divided loyalties made that conclusion easy. A conti-

7 February 1947. *Alley Oop* is reprinted by permission of Newspaper Enterprise Association, Inc.

WHY'N'CHA TELL TH' AMERICAN MINISTER HOW WE KNEW ALL ABOUT THE LOUISIANA DEAL?
THAT WE'RE HERE FROM THE 20TH CENTURY? WE'D HAVE LANDED SMACK IN AN ASYLUM!
WELL, WE'LL LAND SMACK IN JAIL IF WE AIN'T OUTA FRANCE TOMORROW!
2-7

BUT IF WE BOARD SHIP FOR AMERICA, HOW'LL WONMUG EVER FIND US WITH THE TIME-MACHINE?
YEH, WE ARE IN A SPOT... HEY, WHAT'S COMIN' DOWN TH' STREET?
WHY, IT'S OLD NAPOLEON HIMSELF!
2-7

Looking for V.T. Hamlin

I was almost too late in finding V. T. Hamlin. When I first spoke to him on the telephone almost his first words were, "Why did you wait so long to call me?"

Frankly, finding him hadn't been easy. While idolizing him as a young man in the early 1950s, I never even thought about corresponding with him. Because *Alley Oop* had been running for years when I was born, I seemed to have had a vague notion that he was immortal. As an adult, I had tried for years to locate him, had written in care of the syndicate, and searched through reference books for an address without any success. I decided to look for him in library references, which effort was particularly frustrating because card catalogs and magazine indexes like the *Reader's Guide* yielded almost no information about him or any other cartoonist.

Gradually I located people who knew him, at least by sight and reputation, but what I heard about him was not encouraging: I heard he was a tough little guy, cranky and combative, that he lived on a ranch in Montana, still breaking horses and racing autos in his seventies, and worst of all that he had an unlisted telephone number because he did not like to be bothered. His reclusive reputation tended to confirm his legendary status in my mind.

Finally, in 1989 Dave Graue, then the current *Alley Oop* creator (he still writes the story for his successor Jack Bender) put me in touch with V. T., who was then living in Brooksville, Florida. If he ever had resembled the difficult character of the Hamlin legend, there was no trace of it when he spoke with me. In spite of his weakened condition at age eighty-nine, his mind was sharp. He was considerate and generous with his time and limited energy. On the several occasions when I called him he always reminded me that he had lost his eyesight, usually adding, "It's a hell of a thing for an artist to be blind!"

Over Christmas holidays 1989 we met at his daughter Teddy Dewalt's home in Lakewood, Colorado. On that occasion the Hamlin family donated V. T. Hamlin's personal papers relating to his career, including drawings, clippings and photographs, to the University of Missouri library, MU having been the only university he had attended, back in 1919. The gift included several typescript autobiographical manuscripts, including "Just for the Record," a long objective account of the facts of his life; "Four Rivers," about Hamlin's adventures as a fisherman in Iowa, Florida, Oregon and Montana; and "The Devil's Daughter," an apparently unfinished novel based on his own adventures as a young man.

This excerpt is from "The Man Who Walked with Dinosaurs," the most succinct and carefully composed of his personal writings.

Frank Stack

nuity bearing upon the people around either Robert E. Lee or General U. S. Grant would have been most undiplomatic. What also might be classified as a "no no" was the future. That was, to my way of thinking, an unfunny era already well-covered by *Buck Rogers*. That decision was made some fifty years ago—something that I might be tempted to reconsider in the light of today's nuclear developments.

The thirties were well behind us now, and so it seemed was *Alley Oop's* climb to a place among the top comics of the forties, due in part to his *carte blanche* ticket to romp at will through most all of history. Gone were the hours of worry over what could be cooked up for my fantasy people to do. Now it was merely a matter of the selection of some situation tailored by residents of bygone years—something that would amuse *Alley Oop's* number one reader: me. I had to proceed on the assumption that if a story situation pleased me, the chances were pretty good it would be of interest to those who chose to read the comic pages. As assumptions go, it wasn't too bad.

Just how much of the *Alley Oop* comic strip's numerical success (some 800 newspapers) can be attributed to the Newspaper Enterprise Association's method of distribution is debatable. That NEA considered it a good comic strip was demonstrated by the number of service packages in which it was included. There were three in number: the pony for small subscriber publications, the intermediate, and

the full-service (containing a dozen or so strips, blocks, and a variety of other associated materials) for their larger metropolitan clients. *Alley Oop* was included in all three. ●

NOTES

1. Editor Frank Stack states that Hamlin mis-remembered. According to him, the strip appeared as a daily for five months, from 5 December 1932 until the end of April 1933. After his first syndicate failed, Hamlin redrew *Alley Oop* from scratch, tightening the story for NEA so that he covered the five months of Bonnett-Brown material in about one month of the newly drawn strip.

2. Frank Stack believes Hamlin was referring to *The Lost World* (1912). Professor Challenger also appears in *The Land of the Mist* (1926), another novel; and at least two stories, "When the World Screamed" (1928) and "The Disintegration Machine" (1929).

3. This information was drawn from the following sources: Rick Norwood, "Checklist: Alley Oop by V. T. Hamlin," Comics Revue *100, 34; and Frank Stack*, "The Winding Path of V. T. Hamlin and Alley Oop," *The Sphinx and Alley Oop* (Princeton, WI: Kitchen Sink Press, 1991), 198-206.

Checklist of *Alley Oop* Reprint Editions

V. T. Hamlin's *Alley Oop* began syndication as a daily comic strip with Newspaper Enterprise Association on 7 August 1933. The full-page Sunday comic strip began 9 September 1934. He worked alone until 1950 when he hired Dave Graue to assist him. Graue's signature first appeared with Hamlin's beginning on 13 July 1966. In 1968 Hamlin turned the drawing for the daily strips over to Graue, although he continued to write the continuity. All responsibility for the daily strip was turned over to Graue following the September 1970 episode. Hamlin's last Sunday page appeared 1 April 1973. Dave Graue retired from drawing *Alley Oop* in 1992, although he continues to write the strip, now drawn by Jack Bender.[3]

V. T. Hamlin's papers are available for research at the Ellis Library, University of Missouri, Columbia.

Alley Oop and Dinny in the Jungles of Moo: Based on the Comic Strip by V. T. Hamlin. A Big Little Book. Racine, WI: Whitman Publishing Co. 1936.

Graue, Dave. *Alley Oop.* New York: Tom Dougherty Associates. 1983. [reprints daily strips from 25 May 1979 to 12 June 1982]

Hamlin, V. T. *Alley Oop.* Toronto, Ontario: Dragon Lady Press. 1987. [number 1 *The Legend Begins* reprints daily strips from 7 August 1933 to 27 January 1934; number 2 *Enter the Time Machine* reprints daily strips from 6 March 1939 to 25 October 1939; number 3 *Oop vs Hercules* reprints daily strips from 26 October 1939 to 30 July 1940]

Hamlin, V. T. *Alley Oop. Comics Review* 100-113 (1994-1995). [reprints daily strips from 3 March 1934 to 13 June 1934]

Hamlin, V. T. *Alley Oop.* Princeton, WI: Kitchen Sink Press. 1990, 1991. [volume 1 *Alley Oop: The Adventures of a Time-Traveling Caveman* reprints

daily strips from 20 July 1946 to 20 June 1947; volume 2 *Alley Oop: The Sphinx and Alley Oop* reprints daily strips from 21 June 1947 to 30 August 1948; volume 3 *Alley Oop: First Trip to the Moon* reprints 21 June 1947 to 30 August 1948.]

Hamlin, V. T. *Alley Oop: The Sawalla Chronicles.* Park Forest, IL: Ken Pierce Books. 1983. [reprints daily strips from 10 April 1936 to 28 August 1936]

An Afternoon

BY FRANK PAUER

"Hello."

It might not have made a difference had it been any other August afternoon in New York last summer; but this was Berlin, and the last thing I expected was for Oliver Harrington to pick up the phone and answer in English. Especially after forty-five years abroad.

Traveling into what once had been East Berlin, the train stopped at a station two blocks from his home, upstairs in one of those three or four story post-war buildings that make up much of the city's profile. He was pleased to have the company. Just after I called, a friend of his from England, who was in town with his wife, rang and asked if they could also stop by. Mr. Harrington chuckled—he said that he might get three visitors a year, and now there would be three in one afternoon.

He wanted me to see his work, and brought out a stack of tearsheets. Most were covers from *Eulenspiegel*—large, almost tabloid size, and in full-color. Dividing my attention between what he had

Oliver Harrington
14 February 1912 - 2 November 1995

One of the special miracles proceeding from the fall of the Berlin Wall was the "liberation" of Ollie Harrington. From our selective perspective, the United States' finest African American editorial cartoonist was free to return to home and country after some four decades of imposed expatriation. Many would say with emphasis that he is the finest, funniest and at times, the angriest black satirical artist ever to draw breath.[1]

Photograph by Frank Pauer, 9 August 1995

in Berlin

drawn and what he was saying, Mr. Harrington talked about his working relationships, his editors, about a trip to the offices of *Krokodil*, the Russian humor magazine. I asked if he still had some originals. He had, he said, recently discovered a few that somehow had been stuck away. Through one doorway was the studio, though I doubt he had actually drawn in it for some time. One wall held hundreds of books, most of them on fine art and artists, though few featured cartoonists. Artwork was displayed on other walls, and throughout the apartment, none of it by the tenant. He cleared some space near an old drawing board and pulled out a portfolio, full of *Bootsies* and *Daily Worlds* and color *Eulenspiegels*.

Having read the recent books about him, I figured I knew most of the story, though there were episodes that did not fit the profile: the work that took him to Berlin had less to do with illustrating books than with the availability of work in the Eastern bloc. When I asked about problems of obtaining decent supplies with which to work, Mr. Harrington admitted that he had had a correspondent's pass and could frequently travel to West Berlin for materials, and more. He spoke bitterly about an apparent benefactor who had taken shameless advantage.

He clearly doted on his teenaged son and spoke at length about his hopes for him, hopes that he reasoned would not be realized in Berlin. Mr. Harrington desperately wanted him to attend school in the U.S. I asked him how accepted *he* had been, a black American behind the wall for thirty years. He was just a nigger in Berlin, he said.

I knew time was short, and his other guests would be arriving. I asked if I could take a few pictures. He was accommodating, though somewhat demure—he would not look at the camera. Instead, he stood by a window and watched the street below. As he signed a book that I had brought, I was disappointed to learn that his work in Berlin had never been collected into a volume.

More small talk, and then the doorbell rang. Visitors two and three for the year.

I excused myself, slipped back to the drawing board and opened the portfolio. Someone else could dissect the politics: once more I pored over the artwork, marveling at how he had dragged so much crayon over the board and yet folds of clothing appeared so soft; how he could put hundreds of crosshatched lines into a drawing and not one of them appear out of place; how his color work was vibrant, confident, beautiful.

I finally made my way out and down the stairs, but promised to return.

Riding the train back across Berlin I opened my bag to see what he had inscribed.

> To a needed breath of life
> from Ollie Harrington

NOTE

1. Draper Hill, "History Corner: On the Other Hand, You Could Say That 'Satchel' Paige Was the Ollie Harrington of Major League Baseball," *AAEC Notebook* 36:2 (Spring 1994), 29.

resources

Comics Collections in the National Art Library, Victoria and Albert Museum, London, England

by Carlo Dumontet

The National Art Library (NAL) at the Victoria and Albert Museum (V&A) functions as a public research and reference library of the last resort for the documentation of international art, craft and design; an archival collection of source materials for art, craft and design kept as discrete archive groups; the library of the Museum, supporting its work and research; and a curatorial collection within the Museum, focusing on the art, craft, design and history of the book in its widest sense.[1] It is especially in this last respect that comics fall within the NAL's collecting policy as examples of book production, design, illustration, and as visual resources, cultural indicators, and a type of popular culture. The NAL recognises that comics are a literary and visual phenomenon which is full part of the twentieth century cultural experience, from a political, sociological, literary and artistic point of view. Generations have been influenced by comic art—from reading for children to inspiration for mature artists and illustrators. For many, comic art has been the first visual aesthetic experience felt and exercised.

The collecting pattern of the material that can be broadly classified as comics has varied during the life of the NAL. During the nineteenth century illustrated books and children's books were actively collected (as they are today), and some of the classic precursors of the comics found their way into the collections: books such as Rodolphe Töpffer's *L'histoire véritable de Monsieur Crépin* (Paris, 1837), Adolf Schrödter's *Herrn Piepmeyer* (Frankfurt, 1848), several nineteenth century editions of Heinrich Hoffmann's *Struwwelpeter* and Wilhelm Busch's *Max und Moritz*. The advent of comic art at the turn of the century was, however, not recognized in the library as a phenomenon worth documenting. Perhaps it was felt that the more "ephemeral" character of that production did not warrant a place in the "higher" art form of book illustration which continued to be collected intensively. As a consequence, the NAL's coverage of comics production was very uneven until the mid-1980s. Over the past ten years or so the collecting policy has been revised and the NAL has been able to make some notable additions to its holdings of comics material, following a museum-wide interest in the "popular culture" of the twentieth century.

In 1986 the NAL acquired Sir Eduardo Paolozzi's Krazy Kat Arkive of Twentieth Century Popular Culture (so called after George Herriman's strip character) which is housed in the Archive of Art and Design (AAD), part of the NAL. The AAD was set up in 1978 as a response to the need for collecting both information and artifacts relating to the twentieth century by retaining archive groups of individuals, companies and organizations as organic units.[2] The Krazy Kat Arkive consists of nearly 41,000 items amassed since the 1950s by the Scottish-born artist Sir Eduardo Paolozzi, which reflect his interest in popular culture, the image of the hero and the iconography of the machine age.[3] The Krazy Kat Arkive, defined by Sir Roy Strong, the V&A's director at the time of this acquisition, as a "museum of contemporary popular imagery", is an "open" collection in that the artist continues to add material to it, most recently in 1991. The Krazy Kat Arkive consists of a wide variety of material, among which are magazines, books, publications for children, comics, tear sheets, toys (especially robots), monster toys, aircraft models, model kits, masks, photographs, audio-tapes, and a large quantity of ephemeral items, dating approximately from 1900 to the pre-

sent day, with strong holdings for the 1950s and 1960s. The comics collection consists of approximately 4,200 items, the greatest majority of which are comic books: 255 titles from the U.S.A., 157 from Britain, and a handful from Europe and Japan. The greatest majority of titles are from the 1960s and 1970s.

Another major acquisition was made in 1990 when the NAL acquired the Rakoff Collection of Comics, some 17,000 items amassed by the film-writer/editor Ian Rakoff. This important collection provides a comprehensive tapestry of twentieth century comics, charting its growth from the newspaper strips of the first years of this century to the New Wave comics of the 1980s. The collection consists predominantly of four-color American comic books, but examples of other formats and "national schools" are also well represented. Most of the items are original, although a certain number of reprints, mostly black and white are included. Mr. Rakoff always intended his collection to be a scholarly reference collection, not a speculative collector's collection, and his intention was always that of eventually placing it in a public institution to make it available for study. The collection is indeed international in coverage and does not focus on one genre or period only but, on the contrary, is very wide in scope. Each individual item has been carefully selected and collected, and every comic has a specific place within the collection, each item being part of a well-planned design. Many rare and commercially valuable items are included, but because of his collecting philosophy Mr. Rakoff has never been too interested in acquiring mint copies, so craved for by other collectors. He aimed instead at items in stable condition in order to allow the reader an easy and uninhibited handling of the object. The reference nature of the Rakoff Collection places it on a different level from that of Sir Eduardo Paolozzi's Krazy Kat Arkive, for which comics were not collected according to a grand plan but in a much more casual fashion. Both the Krazy Kat Arkive and the Rakoff Collection will be preserved in the NAL exactly as they were put together and organised by their creators. All the other comics material in the NAL forms the so-called Comics Auxiliary Collection which is kept as a separate collection to which new comics acquisitions are added.

Centre Room of the National Art Library. Reproduced by permission of the board of Trustees, Victoria and Albert Museum. JE 2411

A very large quantity of comics material is also present in the NAL within items that are not comics in themselves; for example, in magazines like *Punch* or *The New Yorker* or the British Sunday magazines. Other comics material (to date not yet quantified) is present in the Renier Collection of Children's Books housed at the Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, a branch of the V&A. The Renier Collection consists of about 80,000 items which are presently being catalogued/recatalogued and made available on the NAL's Computer Catalogue. Another source of comics was *Visions of Japan*, a major exhibition on Japanese culture held at the V&A in 1991-1992. In one of the rooms of the exhibition space some walls were "wallpapered" with copies of contemporary Japanese comics. When the exhibition was dismantled the library collected a num-

ber of particularly representative ones which have been added to the Comics Auxiliary Collection.

Great Britain conspicuously lacks a national center for the collecting and documenting of comics. The major repository of comics is the British Library, which receives all comics published in Great Britain on legal deposit, but it makes no significant effort to collect comics published outside Great Britain. All the other British copyright libraries share among themselves the task of selectively collecting British published comics. Unfortunately, all copyright libraries provide limited access through their catalogues to the comics as a genre. Other than the relatively unhelpful access by author and/or title, only selected comics are given further access points, generally in the form of subject headings.

In this less-than-ideal scenario, the NAL decided to play a major role by trying to become the focal point for the collecting, documenting and research of comics in Great Britain. A first major step forward in the NAL's comics acquisition policy was made in 1988 when, for the first time since 1869, clear directives became available as a result of the publication of the *Policy for the Development of the Collections* document, which has already seen a second edition in 1993.[4] The 1993 edition states that the NAL's aim is to create a collection of twentieth century comics at "study level," which means including a selection of works in all formats, representative of major centers of production, of innovative design and artwork, or particularly evocative of some aspect of twentieth century life.

Passionate Obsession: The Story of The Rakoff Collection at the

by Ian Rakoff

In the essay from which this is taken, I look at a moral parable (*Captain Marvel*), a popular paragon of virtue (*Joe Palooka*), a man without prejudice (*Tarzan*), a portrait of conservative thought (*Orphan Annie*), a gruesome reflection on law and order (*Dick Tracy*), patriotism and propaganda (*Terry and the Pirates*), reality upside down (*Little Nemo*), and social mobility (*Bringing Up Father*).

I do not see myself as an academic, and I am not a nostalgia fan. Perhaps you could describe me as a cultural waste-paper basket with a sense of what could be saved for posterity. The way I see it, I have prospected in a field of words and pictures which has been dismissed by some and looked down on by others. Some are attracted by the visual aspects of this field, whereas I am more concerned with the content and the influence it has exerted over my life and values. I had aimed to get my collection into the Victoria & Albert (V&A) for almost twenty years, and in 1990 it was taken on by the National Art Library, resident at the V&A. To explain briefly the collection and its gestation I shall dip into my past to when and where this passion-this obsession-first took root.

The South African port of Cape Town, my birthplace, was, during the Second World War, benignly invaded by hordes of Yanks on giant aircraft carriers, en route to the East and other far flung places. The war came and went, but the American visitors did not leave Cape Town entirely as they had found it. As they sailed away, the troops left behind cheerful memories, the magical rarity of bubble gum, and, best of all, the raw material for an incurable habit of the comic books. The war had ended, but not the American cultural invasion.

The political winds of change in South Africa were, however, blowing from a quite different direction. After the war, a number of pro-German Afrikaners emerged from internment camps, resuscitated the old Nationalist Party, and came to power in the 1948 election. Ruthlessly, they set about changing the course of the country's history based on white superiority. The Old Testament conveniently provided a divine justification for apartheid. "The children of Ham shall forever be hewers of wood and drawers of water," was repeatedly quoted from the Bible, the people of Ham were black. Subsequently freedom disappeared under the implementation of new laws. According to racial classification, people were told where they could live, whom they could socialise with, whom they could marry, the places where they were permitted to travel and what they could read. Opposition was silenced by banning orders, house arrest and imprisonment. It was in such an atmosphere that I grew up.

In those censorious times, however, the comics were dismissed as kid's stuff and harmless trivia, unthreatening to the advance of white supremacy. Ironically, they slipped through the censor's draconian net with negligible scrutiny. In my father's relatively liberal household, kids of different colors and backgrounds mixed freely. We played games, rolled tires, climbed the locquot, the lemon and the fig trees, but what I liked more than anything else, was reading American comic books. This was the literature that stirred our young hearts and minds. In the comics I found an identity and a taste of freedom, beyond parental control, and an alternative to my privileged Caucasoid complexion, my W-for-White status.

In the late 1950s, I had planned to study architecture, but I was still reading comics. In the family debates

The document also recognizes the need to collect material about comics at "research level," as a backup tool for scholarly research.[5] Although the British Library is the designated body for the collecting of British comics, and a duplication of efforts in this field is considered wasteful, the NAL will nonetheless selectively collect important British comics and will keep an open mind if the opportunity of acquiring a good collection of British comics should arise. The acquisition of the Rakoff Collection, and the publicity it received in the press, very quickly prompted other collectors to make donations of comics; and this is a pattern of events which the NAL also wishes to stimulate.

In more practical terms, the NAL does not aim to acquire comics via standing-orders or subscriptions to a few major titles, but it has been thought more useful to buy selectively across the entire spectrum, with the acquisition of more private collections of good standard being a likely possibility. In a more informal fashion members of staff are encouraged to buy, when travelling abroad, examples of contemporary local comics production on behalf of the NAL. The NAL also recognizes the importance of being part of the network of international comics collectors and connoisseurs, not only from an acquisitions point of view, but also to profit from their expertise in order to enhance the knowledge and documentation of its collections.

All the comics collections are part of the NAL's Special Collections to which access is restricted. Either a permanent "Reader's Ticket"

Victoria & Albert Museum[1]

that ensued, my sister, a senior lecturer in psychology, argued for my being allowed to keep my comics which had not interfered with my other reading or my schoolwork. "If you want to go to university, no more comics," my father closed the issue. "That vocational psychologist said that you need to give up those childish things." Obviously the vocational psychologist had more clout than my sister.

With the comics gone, I underwent a considerable change of personality. I became an uncontrollable violent delinquent until in my second year at university. I was studying social anthropology, and got involved with a radical political cell. The leader of our group might have been shorter and darker than Captain Marvel—but even without super powers, he got good things done, using his handsome, charismatic charm.

In 1961 there was a massive anti-Pass Law march from the outlying Nyanga township all the way to Caledon Square in the centre of Cape Town, a stone's throw from the Houses of Parliament. The explosive moment was adroitly defused by a well-meaning, well-bred, English-speaking liberal. In the aftermath of the march, there was a tip-off that one of us was a police spy. As the only white member of the group, I was even at more risk than the others. Within ten days, I was on the high seas en route to England.

When I arrived in London, and I saw snow for the first time in my life. As a creature of Southern Hemisphere's sunshine, the onslaught of the severe weather was horrendous. Nevertheless, I stayed and battled on, managing to get into the film industry. Taking a particular interest in the editing process, I soon recognised the similarity of the grammar between film and comics. I felt that the joining of frames of celluloid and the placing of panels on the page, carried the same basic rule of what goes where. On film, as a figure turns the corner in an outgoing shot, the choice of cutting point of the incoming shot depends on the direction and angle of the moving image. According to this, the continuity would be constructed. In comics the order of the stationary panels, the angles or point of view and the direction of the action, equally create the narrative continuity. In effect, the same basic mechanics of the story-telling.

In the early seventies I sold off most of my Marvel Super Heroes: Spider Man, Fantastic Four, Thor, X-Men, Daredevil, Iron Man and The Hulk. It was getting overcrowded in my apartment, and I needed the money to finance my first trip to America. No longer possessing those Silver Age gems did not faze me much because I felt that they would all be collected by fans and investors. The Silver Age slipped from my grasp as I set off to visit the home of the comic book, Gotham City.

On my first night in New York, I met John Walsh at a dinner party. He was then the curator of European paintings at the Museum of Modern Art. Though not especially interested in comic books, he was interested in my attitude and wanted to help set me up in an academic institute. I was seriously tempted but I turned down his offer. "John," I told him, "my aim is to get my collection into my favorite place, the Victoria and Albert Museum, that world famous junk shop." John laughed and agreed that the V&A was one of the world's greatest museums, and that it had more stuff in their store-rooms than what was held in the entire Museum of Modern Art. "It's a wonderful place," he said, "but it would be quite something for them to take on a collection of comic books."

At last the idea had been mooted. ●

NOTE

1. We are grateful for permission to print the following excerpt from a larger essay by Ian Rakoff.

endorsed for the Special Collection, is required (the name of one referee needs to be provided), or bona fide researchers are granted temporary access to the material on presentation of proof of identity. For security reasons all items in the Special Collections are issued manually via the Invigilator's Desk in the NAL's Reading Room. All special items are therefore fully accessible to researchers. If a wide range of material from the Rakoff Collection needs to be consulted in one day, an appointment is required so that the laborious task of taking the material out of the conservation boxes and envelopes can be carried out in advance. For conservation purposes photocopying is not allowed under any circumstance. Visits to the AAD where the Krazy Kat Arkive is housed are by appointment only. Those visiting the AAD for the first time are requested to bring a letter of recommendation with them.

The Rakoff Collection and the Krazy Kat Arkive are still largely uncatalogued, although work on the former will start in the near future. Hand-lists are available, and the NAL's Computer Catalogue contains one "umbrella" record for each collection, consisting of a general description of their contents. Material from the Comics Auxiliary Collection is fully catalogued and available on the Computer Catalogue.

All cataloging is carried out on the NAL's Dynix Automated Library System. The cataloging standards adopted for all types of material are the *Anglo-American Cataloguing Rules*, second edition,[6] the USMARC format[7] and the Library of Congress authority files. Subject terms are provided by an in-house list of subject headings, which is now "closed," with new headings constructed by drawing terms from the *Art and Architecture Thesaurus* (AAT).[8] When a term the NAL needs is not present in the AAT it is submitted to the AAT Editorial Board for inclusion after having been researched and literary warrant provided. In the long term all subject headings contained in the old subject index will be translated into AAT strings. The NAL also provides genre and physical make-up terms to all items in the Special Collections, and selectively to items in the general collections. The vocabulary, again, is drawn from the AAT.

One of the main aspects of the NAL's approach to comics cataloguing is to provide direct access to them as a specific genre by assigning each item one or more genre terms. By assigning a genre term to each cataloguing record, together with the country and date of publication, all the comics are grouped together and can be retrieved as such by the readers through the Library Computer Catalogue. The terms available in the AAT, and adopted by the NAL, are the following: Comics (scope note: Sequential graphic narratives, often serialized, and typically having dialogue written in balloons); Comic books (scope note: Comics, often serialised, published in pamphlet form) and Comic strips (scope note: Comics, usually serialised and composed of a few frames, and often syndicated for publication in newspapers). The NAL is also evaluating the possibility of assigning more specific genre terms such as "western comics," and "war comics" to provide more precise gathering terms. The NAL therefore, unlike many other libraries in Britain, does not use subject headings as gathering terms for comics. Non-fictional material published as comics and publications about comics naturally have subject headings assigned to them. If a publication is about one or more comics characters, the NAL implements the LC practice of assigning topical subject headings for them with the addition of "(fictitious character) e.g. Superman (fictitious character)."[9] Comics, like all material in the Special Collections, are catalogued with detailed descriptions and corresponding added entries. Relator terms are assigned to some of the name entries to specify the nature of the contribution, using the list prepared by the RBMS Standards Committee.[10] The NAL is fully aware of the limitations presented by automated library systems and the MARC format, but it is nonetheless striving to convert all catalogues and hand-lists in use at the moment into machine-readable format for inclusion in the Computer Catalogue, realizing the importance of having only a single database and a single authority file for all materials in its collections. ●

National Art Library
Victoria & Albert Museum
South Kensington
London SW7 2RL, U.K.
tel.: +171 938-8500 (switchboard);
fax: +171 938-8461
Hours of opening: Tuesday to Saturday 10am-5pm

Archive of Art and Design
23 Blythe Road
London W14 0QF, U.K.
tel.: +171 603-1514;
fax: +171 602-6907
Hours of opening: By appointment only Tuesday to Thursday 10am-1pm and 2pm-4.30pm

NOTES

1. Jan van der Wateren and Rowan Watson, eds., *The National Art Library: a Policy for the Development of the Collections* (London: Victoria & Albert Museum, 1993), 7.

2. Jan van der Wateren, "Archival Resources in the Victoria and Albert Museum," *Art Libraries Journal* 14:2 (1989), 22.

3. David Walker, "The Archive of Source Material for Twentieth Century Art: Handlist No. 1" (St. Andrews, Scotland: St. Andrews University, 1971, typescript), 1.

4. Van der Wateren, *National Art Library*.

5. Van der Wateren, *National Art Library*, 25, 29-30, 61.

6. *Anglo-American Cataloguing Rules*, 2nd ed., 1988 revision (Ottawa: Canadian Library Association, 1988).

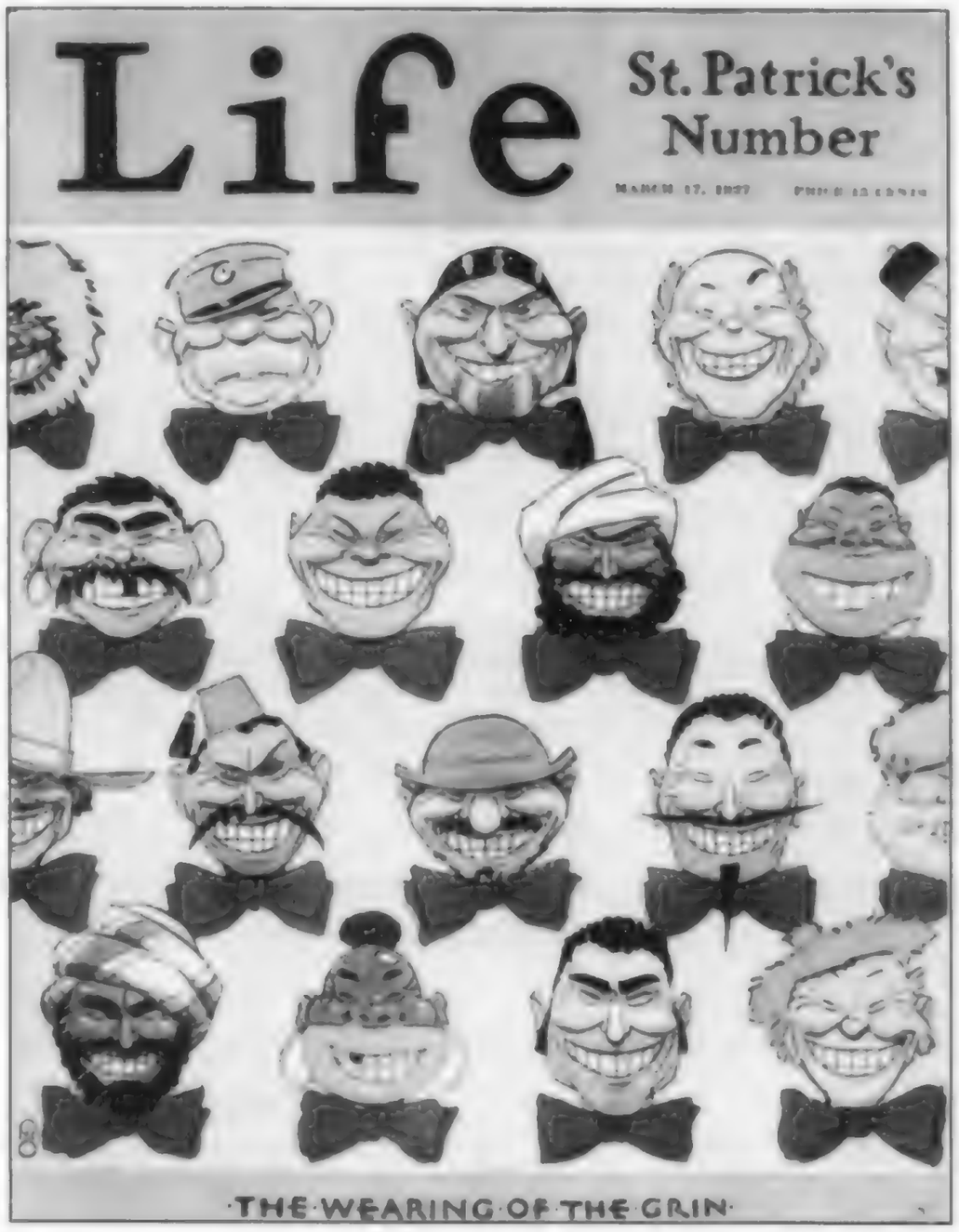
7. *Bibliographic Formats and Standards* (Dublin, Ohio: OCLC, 1993).

8. *Art & Architecture Thesaurus*, 2nd ed., 5 vols. (New York: Oxford University Press, 1994).

9. Library of Congress, *Subject Cataloging Manual: Subject Headings*, 3rd ed. (Washington: Library of Congress, 1984), H1430/1-2.

10. RBMS Standards Committee, "Relator Terms for Rare Books, Manuscript, and Special Collections Cataloging," *C&RL News* (October 1987), 553-556.

The John and Selma Appel Collection



Above: Frank De Sales Casey, "The Wearing of the Grin." *Life*, 17 March 1927.

A. H. "I've Had a Great Many Ups and Downs." Postcard circa 1908.

The John and Selma Appel Collection of Immigrant Cartoons and Caricatures has been donated to the Michigan State University Museum. The collection includes cartoons, prints, postcards, trade cards, stereopticon slides and historical material regarding immigrant stereotypes. It is particularly strong in material from the Civil War to the First World War. The Museum is now preparing the collection for study and use. For additional information, contact Lynne Swanson, Collections Manager, Michigan State University Museum, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Michigan 48824. ●

This set of six trade cards printed in 1882 employs the stereotypical characteristics used by artists of the time.

emanata

Mort Walker in his **Lexicon of Comicana** *invented the term "emanata" to describe the graphic devices used by cartoonists to describe "what is going on inside" their characters. This occasional feature of* **inks** *is intended to provide an opportunity for commentary, anecdotes of interest, and historical sketches. Readers interested in writing such a feature are invited to contact the editor.*

Martin Nodell and the Golden Age Green Lantern

by Robert C. Harvey

Martin Nodell, the creator of the Golden Age comic book hero Green Lantern, sits at his table in artists' alley during the 1994 San Diego Comic Convention, laying color into the background of a drawing of Green Lantern. Color radiates from behind the character, and Marty's hand moves swiftly, back and forth, a new burst of color at every stroke. He pauses for the tiniest of microseconds at the beginning of each stroke—locating the point of the marker precisely at the edge of the figure drawing—then he draws the point away in a single sweeping motion.

"They wanted lots of color," he says to a watching fan, explaining the garish colors of the old Green Lantern's costume. When he created the first Green Lantern before World War II, the costume had been designed to capitalize on the colorful nature of the medium. Green tights, red blouse, purple cape, crimson boots, yellow accents. Lots of color.

When I go to a comic convention (or comicon), I usually hang my hat in artists' alley for two reasons. First, by selling a few "art prints" and original sketches, I earn the money that I subsequently fritter away at the dealers' tables, buying comic books (Golden Age, mostly) and a few other remnants of my Lost and Vacuous Youth. Secondly—in what will doubtless seem a contradiction of the first reason—by staying at my artists' alley station for most of the con, I reduce the number of hours and hence the amount of money I spend amongst the exhibits. And an incidental benefit also prevails: in artists' alley, I have a fellow cartoonist on either side of me, a circumstance that fosters conversation and shop talk. In a profession as traditionally solitary as cartooning, discourse with other members of the inky-fingered fraternity is a commodity to be treasured. Not that the conversation is particularly brilliant or insightful. Sometimes it is; mostly, not. But it is fraternal, and that accounts for its great value.

During setup hours before the con begins, we meet and introduce ourselves. We find out who we are and what we have done. We admire, briefly, each other's work. Then we set up our displays. After we establish boundaries, we make treaties:

"When you want to go to lunch, I'll watch your stuff for you."

"Hey, thanks-I'll do the same for you."

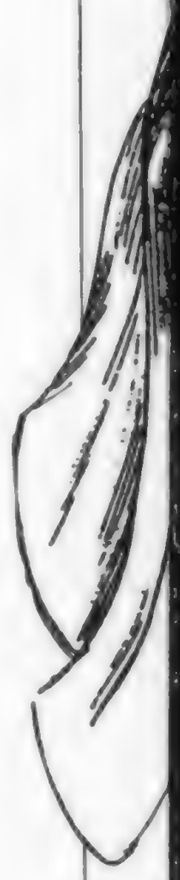
I sat next to Marty Nodell (and his wife Carrie and son Spencer) in San Diego, and every time I went to the restroom, Marty magnanimously gave me permission.

Next to me, Marty is hard at work. He works steadily all day long, sketching the venerable Green Lantern in all manner of poses, coloring the pictures, signing autographs, taking orders for drawings, and talking with fans as he works. He seems tireless.

*"**You** created Green Lantern?" a young man says, standing open-mouthed before Marty at the moment of realization.*

Yes, Marty says; he was inspired, he goes on, by seeing a switchman carrying a lantern through a subway tunnel. Green for go; red for stop.

Surely, there was more to it than that, I think. And when the young fan wanders off, I ask Marty about it. Was it was true, as so many accounts had recently maintained, that Aladdin's lamp figured in the story of the Green Lantern's creation? (Disney's Aladdin had just been released and probably stirred up the creative juices of some reporters.) No, Marty says; Aladdin's lamp had nothing to do with it. And then he tells me the story.



What happened was that he had gone up to the offices of Max Gaines in early 1940 to inquire about getting some comic book work. Gaines was then publishing a line of comic books under the imprint of All-American Comics. Nodell had been in New York for some time at this point, and he had drawn comic book stories for several publishers. At Gaines' place, he talked to Shelly Mayer. Mayer told him that they were interested in super heroes, and although they had nothing for him to do at the moment, if he could come up with a super hero concept, they would be interested.

Nodell left, musing that if Mayer had told him this, he must have told others—his friends, other cartoonists. So he, Nodell, better come up with something fast. He took the subway home to Brooklyn, where he lived with his brother and his mother. (They had come to New York from Chicago after his father died. Marty, now the family breadwinner, had theatrical ambitions and talent as well as graphic art ability, and he knew his chances for employment at these endeavors would be better in New York.) In the subway station, he saw a switchman checking the track, carrying a lantern. The lantern shone red-danger, stop. After he had checked the track and ascertained that it was in good order, he changed his lantern to green by adjusting a glass plate. The "green lantern" then was the "good lantern": it indicated safety.

Marty pondered the green lantern idea. At first, it seemed to him the name of a story. As he rode homeward, he turned over in his mind various mid-eastern myths, conjuring up the legend of the green lantern. It was a lamp endowned with mysterious powers. It had been fashioned from the metal of an expired meteorite, fashioned by an ancient Chinese. It had enjoyed several incarnations through the ages as one kind of lantern or another. Marty thought of the story of Diogenes and his search for an honest man, bearing with him a lantern as he looked. Marty's new hero would carry the green lantern. No. That was too cumbersome. How could this costumed hero do any fighting while carrying a bulky lantern?

As he continued to turn the matter over in his mind, still recalling the myths and legends he had read about as a youth, he happend to think about the knightly heroes of Wagnerian opera. And then it came to him. The Ring Cycle. Of course: his hero could have a ring fashioned from a portion of the green lantern, and that way, he could, in effect, carry the green lantern with him wherever he went. And he could activate the powers of the lantern through an act of will. The green lantern itself would function as a battery: the hero would charge up his ring by exposing it to the green lantern.

With that, the conventions of the comic book superhero kicked in—secret identity and colorful costume. Alan Scott would be the name of his hero. He would be an engineer, a civil engineer. And he would wear a colorful costume with cape and boots—no, leggings like the Greek heroes—whenever he charged up his ring and went in pursuit of evil-doers. He would be known as the Green Lantern.

Nodell drew up several pages of finished art to demonstrate his idea and took them to Mayer. He left them, together with some concept sheets, story ideas, and some pencilled pages. A few days later, he phoned to see what had happened. Mayer said he was considering the idea. Within the week, he phoned Nodell and told him that Gaines wanted to see him. Nodell had heard that Gaines was a kind man—"gruff, but kind," he told me. He thought: he's probably asking to see me in person in order to let me down easy. When he got into Gaines' office, Gaines was sitting at his desk, thumbing the pages of the samples Nodell had brought in.

After a long silence, he said: "This is good."

More silence as he continued turning the pages between his finger and thumb, flipping them sort of. Then he spoke again:

"Get to work."

The go ahead. The green light. Nodell was off and running.

Marty Nodell is the last to leave artists' alley. I'm packing up, stowing my stuff in a carrying satchel, and Marty is still sitting there, working on a drawing. A fan is watching him, patiently, and finally asks the question:

"So what do you think of what they're doing with the Green Lantern now? Do you know what they're doing?"

Marty continues to draw, saying, "Well, I heard a little. But you have to remember, the character belongs to them. I don't have any say in what happens to him. That's just the way it is."

Carrie, an active partner in Marty's Green Lantern enterprises these days, has the last word: "And did you know," she tells the fan, "that they sold Green Lantern #1 for $32,000 at the last auction in New York?" ●

A convention sketch by Martin Nodell.

book reviews

Töpffer: L'invention de la bande dessinée

by Thierry Groensteen and Benoît Peeters
Reviewed by David Kunzle

Rodolphe Töpffer as the writer of a pure French prose and subtly moralizing novels, short stories and travel tales much admired by Sainte-Beuve, is virtually forgotten and unread today. By contrast, his alter ego as a comic draughtsman, aesthetic theorist, and above all as the inventor of the modern comic strip, rides high in the saddle—in the original French and in German translation. We do not yet, alas, have an English-language edition of his comic strip stories, or "graphic novels" as he called them. A complete, critical edition is also required. After the disastrous attempt to reproduce them in a colorized version by Slatkine, we welcome Groensteen and Peeters' present addition to the critical literature on Töpffer, which has grown steadily since he was rediscovered to art history by Ernst Gombrich in *Art and Illusion*.

Töpffer's comic strips may have been originally cast on paper as the diversions, facéties, of a schoolmaster to amuse his adolescent pupils, but they came to represent for this prolific writer and artist a substantial source of income and, more ambiguously, reputation, starting, notably, with Goethe. One of the keys to understanding how the modern comic strip came to be invented around 1830 in a cultural side-show like Geneva, is the exceptional degree of self-consciousness Töpffer brought to the new art, whose novelty and process he analyzed in considerable detail. In so doing, he developed aesthetic theories which deserve to take their place as a milestone in the prehistory of modernism, and in the practice of caricature and all the other kinds of primitivism which have marked the last century and a half. While Töpffer's sense of the future which lay ahead of his invention does seem exceptional, his self-consciousness is less unique than Groensteen supposes: Töpffer's great and much admired predecessor William Hogarth was not at all unaware, as Groensteen asserts, of the novelty and magnitude of the new form of graphic narrative he had discovered.

Half of the book under review consists of six different texts by Töpffer, grouped under the title of "Töpffer par lui-même," relating to his procedure as the author of "graphic novels" or comic strip albums. These texts include the best known, the *Essai de Physiognomonie*, one of his few caricature-related works to have been rendered into English (by Ellen Wiese in 1965). "Physiognomics" and the physiognomic theory is of absorbing interest to historians of art as well as of caricature, so a word on Töpffer's terminology: the writer had himself to preface his "autograph" version of his essay with a correction asking the reader to read "physiognomonie" for "physiognomie" throughout, when he decided that the slightly tongue-twisting and aurally rebarbative form was needed for its embodiment of the idea of the *laws* of physiognomics; there is no English equivalent, except to add an "s" to the adjective. The title of the famous work by the Swiss Lavater, which did so much to inspire artists and caricaturists throughout the late eighteenth and nineteenth century, and whose fundamental pseudo-scientific theory of physiognomics was refuted by the more sapient, including Töpffer himself, is *Physiognomische Fragmente*, not the "töpfferized" *Physiognomonische Fragmente*, as Peeters has it (Groensteen gets it right).

Peeters shows how Töpffer turned Lavater upside down, by insisting on the mobile facial features and the transitory expressions, as opposed to Lavater's reliance on craniometry as the revealer of character. (Actually, Lavater's work, which nobody *reads* now and I suspect few read then, is a treasure-trove of engravings of expressive as well as character heads.)

Newcomers to Rodolphe Töpffer and his ur-comic strip, those able to read his deceptively simple and beautifully subtle French captions, will, I hope, be inspired by Groensteen and Peeters to seek out a (non-colorized!) French edition. From the Groensteen-Peeters analysis they will discover that Töpffer's invention, which we now take for granted, is rooted in complex historical circumstances and a unique and very personal aesthetic theory, and depended upon an initially small but culturally significant audience of both older children and adults cherishing the child in themselves. (The bio-psychology of the

3
Mr Jabot arrivé au bal, croit devoir présenter ses civilités empressées à Mde Du Bocage
Quand Salsi, Mr Jabot se remet en position

Rodolphe Töpffer. *Mr Jabot*, 1833.

latter needs further development.)

Töpffer is known, his effect on the development of the nineteenth century caricature and comic strip is not. The Töpfferian mode proliferated in an irregular, spasmodic and "zig-zag" (to use a very Töpfferian term) fashion throughout Europe in the course of the nineteenth century. Amid the diverse historical contexts, parallels and antecedents established by Groensteen and Peeters in a relatively small compass (142 pages of analysis), those dealing with Lavater, Nadar (as portrait photographer and caricaturist), Grandville, and Hergé (by Peeters) stand out. The curious Hergé comparison is developed at some length, not, I suspect, because of the immediacy of the parallel with Töpffer, but because Peeters is perhaps the world's leading authority on the immensely popular and important creator of Tintin. Temperamentally and procedurally, the spontaneous, surrealistic Töpffer is at opposite poles to the cerebral and rational Hergé, who turned himself into a small factory producing standardized comic albums. We needed less on Hergé, perhaps, and more on Chodowiecki, as an essential link between Hogarth and Töpffer. Peeters mentions this Polish-German engraver without being aware of his substantial "anti-Lavaterian" contribution to graphic narrative and the moralization of physiognomics.

The legacy of Töpffer, as succinctly chronicled by Groensteen, is rather a mixed bag. Groensteen tries hard, I think, to do justice to Cham, that *célèbre inconnu* probably condemned to live eternally in the shadow of Daumier, although he was in some ways more popular than Daumier in their own time. Calling him the *britier fourvoyé* (the heir who lost his way) is misleading: Cham actually found his way out of some quite worthy and formally experimental Töpfferian comic strip albums, into Daumier whom he did over, as it were, for the masses, finely chopped and spiced, hamburger caricature. Groensteen looked into Cham's youthful Töpfferian work, and ended up bored. Not that Groensteen has lacked the initiative and patience to seek out what must be really boring stuff: he has a whole section on truly obscure Töpffer imitators quite unknown to me, but which he fails, with one exception, to illustrate.

The rich post-Töpffer heritage is rather scanted, perhaps because it is now available *in extenso* elsewhere. There are passing references to the hitherto obscure *Môssieu Rac* of Nadar, and early strips by Gustave Doré and Léonce Petit-with no indication of where these artists may be found conveniently excerpted. (The typical French negligence of footnote source-referencing can be quite frustrating: where was the Wolinski article on Töpffer printed?). This may be another instance where lesser roles are cast only to illuminate the hero. It is true that Rodolphe Töpffer and Wilhelm Busch tower over all the rest of their times, and even down to Winsor McCay and George Herriman. (McCay incidentally was the first to have characters from strips translated to animated film, not Töpffer as Groensteen claims.) But Töpffer and Busch are also lighthouses which cast their beams over hitherto very dark and forgotten seas; certainly across the channel, where the world's first professional woman cartoonist, Marie Duval, developed the world's first continuing comics character, Ally Sloper, by infusing the child-like line of Töpffer with the physical farce of Busch. ●

Groensteen, Thierry and Benoît Peeters. *Töpffer: L'invention de la bande dessinée*. Hermann Editeurs des Sciences et des Arts, 1994. 245p. index. bibl. ISBN 2-7056-6214-6. pap. $29.00.

Graphic Novels: A Bibliographic Guide to Full-Length Comics

by D. Aviva Rothschild
Reviewed by
Charles Hatfield

D. Aviva Rothschild's recently-published *Graphic Novels: A Bibliographic Guide to Book-Length Comics* aims to reintroduce comics to a mainstream audience, through an eclectic survey of long-form comic books or, in keeping with U.S. industry parlance, graphic novels. Through 414 entries, divided by genre into twelve chapters (e.g., "Nonfiction," "Superheroes"), Rothschild reviews a broad range of comics novels, trade collections, graphic albums, and book-length nonfiction comics, and offers a dizzying mix of facts and opinions. Unfortunately, her enthusiastic, conversational prose lacks the much-needed support of clearly articulated standards. The book is an idiosyncratic, unfocused compendium of details that have not been carefully sifted for relevance, and that do not meld into a persuasive whole. Non-comics readers may be baffled by the

book's unpredictable classification of titles, and they will not come away from *Graphic Novels* with a clearer sense of the dynamics of the comic book field, the possibilities of the medium, or the history of the recently-christened graphic novel form.

Rothschild's goal, set forth in the introduction, is threefold: one, "to alert mainstream readers to the variety and quality" of book-length comics; two, to guide librarians in purchasing and classifying such comics; and three, to catalogue such comics before they disappear. Not surprisingly, many entries target the books in question at specific audiences (e.g., adults, high schoolers). Typically, entries run between one- and five-hundred words (though some are much longer) and describe individual works, though in some cases (e.g., *The Adventures of Tintin*) whole series are reviewed in a single entry. Illustrations are sporadic and unpredictable, only nine in all. The book is recent enough to cite, for instance, the November 1994 issue of *The Comics Journal*, yet does not review such 1994 releases as *Mr. Punch* or *City of Glass*. Mostly U.S. titles are represented, but some English-language titles from Britain, Canada, Europe, Japan, and elsewhere are included.

To organize this variety of texts, Rothschild relies on a conventional scheme of generic classification, yet at times her categories seem arbitrary. For example, comics on "Mythology and Folklore" (a total of three entries) receive a separate chapter, whereas comics on "War and Armed Services" (four entries) are treated as a subset of "Fiction." Furthermore, some works are confusingly placed. Why, for instance, does Will Eisner's semiautobiographical *The Dreamer* appear under "Historical Fiction" while his semiautobiographical *To the Heart of the Storm* falls under "Nonfiction"? The "Fiction" category is especially confusing, incorporating humor, political satire, erotica, and even some autobiography. Presumably, the book's generic organization is designed with librarians in mind, but the end result is potentially misleading.

The work's most innovative feature is a preface in comics form, "The Midnight Library" by Donna Barr. This clever, four-page story casts Rothschild as "Aviva," an authority with an attractively matter-of-fact style. Dressed in black, one eye veiled by a disorderly shock of hair, Aviva ushers a novice reader into the world of the graphic novel, just as Barr's varied perspectives and loose yet confident drawing effortlessly lure Rothschild's reader into the text. (Graphically, this section by Barr makes up for the book's garish red cover, a classic example of comics-inspired kitsch.) "The Midnight Library" effectively anticipates Rothschild's tone, establishing a convivial, coffee-klatch ethos even as it warns the reader that the author is about to present her own undiluted, subjective views: "You are not always going to agree with her . . ." (xi).

Barr's warning is apt, given the quirky bibliography which follows. As the author stresses, *Graphic Novels* covers "a mere fraction" of the book-length comics currently available, "a cross-section of what's out there, from the stellar to the sunken, from the sophisticated to the stupid" (xxii); yet this cross-section seems entirely arbitrary, shaped by her own idiosyncratic tastes rather than any clear, coherent aesthetic principles. Obviously, omissions and surprises are to be expected in a such a survey, but Rothschild's bizarre choices and emphases paint a distorted picture of the contemporary comics field, one in which certain ephemeral works are grossly magnified while some acclaimed and influential works are diminished or omitted.

Every avid comics reader who pores over *Graphic Novels* will probably compile his or her own list of lost opportunities. For example, the Hernandez Brothers' *The Return of Mr. X* and Alan Moore and David Lloyd's *V for Vendetta* are omitted; Hayao Miyazaki and Jacques Tardi, both collected in English-language albums prior to 1994, are not mentioned. Collections of newspaper strips are excluded categorically. Granted, allowances need to be made for time and cost when judging a bibliography, yet Rothschild's omissions are alarming when one considers how much of her energy is wasted on mediocre and historically insignificant works.

This is essentially a question of priorities. Given the flood of book-length comics published over the past decade, a selective bibliography needs to be informed by cogent critical standards, and a sensitivity to reception within and without the comics field. Unfortunately, Rothschild mistakes breadth of coverage for depth, and in trying to sample a bit of everything spends her energy fitfully, offering overly generous summaries of some works but barely glancing at others. Thus we are told that *RAW* is "a must purchase for sophisticated readers and the intellectually curious," yet little about the project or its contributors is mentioned, whereas in contrast Rothschild devotes two enthusiastic paragraphs to *The Tick Omnibus*, including a plot summary longer than the entire *RAW* entry. Likewise, both *The Trouble with Girls* and *Groo the Wanderer* are described at length and labelled "essential" reading, while Kramsky and Mattotti's highly regarded *Murmur* is coolly described as "incomprehensible" in a brief paragraph. Such odd contrasts cast doubt on Rothschild's sense of critical priorities.

Murmur presents an interesting case in point, as Rothschild's treatment of it symptomizes several of her bibliography's glaring faults. The book is erroneously classified under "Fantasy," along with such works as *Elfquest* and *Ranma 1/2* (why not under "General Fiction," along with *Mythology of an Abandoned City* and *Through the Habitrails*?). Faced with describing *Murmur*'s narrative, Rothschild resorts to an excuse repeated often throughout the book, "I cannot even attempt to outline this story," then calls *Murmur* "so charged with meaning that to me it is meaningless." Duly noting the book's critical acclaim in one sentence, she concedes that she must be "missing something."

This cop-out reappears whenever Rothschild confronts what her Introduction derisively describes as

"literary stories that must be read six times before one can understand what's going on" (xxi). "I can guarantee," she argues, "that most comics writers who attempt [such stories] do not have the talent to pull them off," a remark most damning after Rothschild's own claim that comics constitute "an entire body of literature that in many ways is as serious and significant as text-only material" (xiii). Despite this claim, Rothschild uses the words "literature" and "literate" rather nervously throughout the book: she always seems to be sniffing the air when she invokes them, as when she describes Paringaux and Loustal's *Love Shots* as "possibly too subtle and slow-moving for most readers . . . [and] best appreciated by the highly literate" (69). In a book which promotes comics as a literary form, it is unnerving to see such anti-intellectualism.

Rothschild's distaste for challenging material is most clearly shown in her obtuse review of Chester Brown's *Ed the Happy Clown*:

> The plot of this one is so fragmented that I can't even outline it. This is the kind of locker-room gross-out material that a certain readership in comics just loves to death. But if it's hip to like this book, I'd rather be square . . . (82)

Again, Rothschild refuses to even summarize the text (something she does dutifully in most entries, often too dutifully), and positions herself in opposition to an imagined "hip" audience. This strategy recurs in, for instance, her review of Dan Clowes' *Like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron*, which she dismisses as "chaotic and self-indulgent," a book destined to be overrated by "the terminally hip." These remarks are evidently spurred, not by squeamishness, but rather by Rothschild's impatience with unconventional narratives which flout her professed "bias toward coherent stories."

If Rothschild's reviews are sometimes frustrating, her pronouncements about art are downright bewildering. Of *Corto Maltese*, by the late master Hugo Pratt, we are told that "the stories . . . are so interesting that one can overlook the art" (5). Of *Cerebus* auteur Dave Sim, Rothschild raves, "He is perhaps the most important black-and-white comics artist in North America in the last three decades" (108), and argues that every issue of *Cerebus* is a graphic "masterpiece"—this after admitting that she no longer enjoys or even reads the series. In contrast, she characterizes R. Crumb's work as simply "amazingly detailed" and "quite reliably funny," and gives short shrift to the influence of cartoonists like Barks, Kirby, and Tezuka. Her responses to art often seem uninformed by any larger sense of comics history.

This lack of scholarly grounding is especially obvious in the book's two-page "Glossary of Comic Book Terminology and Slang," an incoherent sampler of formal, historical, and fannish terms. Among the thirty-five terms defined by Rothschild are *comix, commix, and alternative comics*; *panel* and *word balloon*; *Marvel zombie*, *Betty Page*, *psionics*, and *Yakuza*. Unfortunately, readers unfamiliar with comics may come away from this misleading list believing that most of these terms are of equal authority and significance.

As comics scholarship edges into the academic mainstream, we desperately need responsible bibliographic work to introduce readers to the field. Unfortunately, *Graphic Novels* falls short. The book may find favor among some librarians for its sheer scope, but as a scholarly reference it is too diffuse and random. At the very least, the book needs the following: one, a comprehensive introduction which outlines the history of the U.S. comic book market, in particular the direct market from which the graphic novel sprang; two, chapter introductions which establish major names in each genre or tradition (e.g., Barks in "Funny Animals," Pekar in "Autobiography"); and three, revised listings which duly emphasize influential works and cite specific secondary sources where possible. Of course, it is in the nature of bibliographies to be big, sprawling things, but we need a book which provides clear signposts amid the confusion. ●

Excerpt from "The Midnight Library: An Introduction to Graphic Novels" by Donna Barr. *Graphic Novels* (x).

AVIVA'S READ HUNDREDS OF GRAPHIC NOVELS (Be Amazed.).
SEE?
SHE'S ABOUT TO OFFER YOU HUNDREDS OF SOUND, HONEST REVIEWS ~ AND SHE'S NOT GOING TO PULL HER PUNCHES...
WOW... THIS IS REALLY BEAUTIFUL STUFF.
SHE'S GOING TO GUIDE YOU TO THE FINEST IN THE FIELD..
ARE THEY ALL LIKE THIS?
NO~ SOME OF THEM ARE REALLY POOR.
... AND WARN YOU OFF FROM THE CRUDE, THE PUERILE, OR THE PLAIN BORING.
WHAT'S THIS ONE?
THAT ONE'S SO POOR IT OUGHT TO BE ON WELFARE. DON'T BOTHER.
2.

Rothschild, D. Aviva. *Graphic Novels: A Bibliographic Guide to Book-Length Comics*. Libraries Unlimited. 1995. xxii, 245p. index. ISBN 1-56308-086-9 hbk. $30.00.

The Coming Man: 19th Century American Perceptions of the Chinese

by Philip H. Choy, Lorraine Dong, and Marlon K. Hom, editors

Reviewed by Roger A. Fischer

In the wake of civil unrest in China and the 1848 discovery of gold in California, a trans-Pacific migration began that would in time bring tens of thousands of Chinese immigrants to the Pacific Coast and eventually to urban communities in the Midwest and along the Atlantic seaboard. These immigrants were uniquely vulnerable to Anglo-American prejudice and its concomitant consequences, by race, by culture, by endemic economic and ethnic volatility along the Pacific Rim and elsewhere in a troubled nation coming to terms, if most reluctantly, with a destiny as a New World "melting pot" of cultural diversity. These aliens from the Celestial Kingdom were reviled by old-stock American Caucasians for their racial inheritance, their cultural and religious peculiarities, their quietude, their willingness to work hard for slave wages. Of all post-Civil War immigrant groups, none suffered a more painful transition through what Oscar Handlin described as the "brutal filter," and only the Eastern European Jews uprooted by the epic pogroms of the early 1880s came to their New World rendezvous more impoverished in material assets.

These Chinese were reviled as pagan idolaters, sly and sneaky as the cat, too clean by half, scheming to transform the basements of their infamous Chinese laundries into opium dens where virginal white maidens would be seduced by the nefarious pipe into lives of sexual slavery to sate the wicked whims of their Chinese drugmasters. In his 1890 magnum opus *How the Other Half Lives*, Jacob Riis endowed an imprimatur of fact on such malicious mythology; in 1955 historian John Higham provided a cogent analysis of it in his epic study *Strangers in the Land*; and in 1971 Francis L. K. Hsu provided the definitive study of Chinese-American travails in *The Challenge of the American Dream*.

Such cultural conflict was a prime focus for the illustrators and cartoonists of such American weekly publications as New York's *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, *Puck*, and *The Judge*, as well as San Francisco's xenophobic dime humor weekly magazine *The Wasp*. *The Coming Man* features 137 such illustrations, forty in full-color, drawn mainly from *Harper's*, *Frank Leslie's*, and *The Wasp*. Nearly all of the illustrations come from the personal collection of co-editor Philip Choy—and the apparent weakness of the Choy collection in works from *Puck* and *The Judge* deprives this volume of several noteworthy color cartoons lampooning both Chinese-Americans and their detractors.

More seriously, *The Coming Man* represents a disgrace in the realm of academic scholarship. Ideally, a landmark volume on the cartooning of a minority group blends text and illustrations into an integrated endeavor. Such is the case with such outstanding studies as *Apes and Angels: The Irishman in Victorian Caricature* (Perry Curtis, 1971); *The Jew in Early American Wit and Graphic Humor* (Rudolf Glanz, 1973); and *The Mormon Graphic Image* (Gary Bunker and Davis Bitton, 1983). Editors Philip Choy, Lorraine Dung, and Marlon K. Hom have not even made an effort to fulfill this balance. The text of this book is limited to a total of fewer than ten pages, barely the information on the subject available in a general American history textbook. The selected bibliography is notable primarily for its omissions, including the Riis, Higham, and Hsu volumes, and every key study of nineteenth century editorial cartooning except Kenneth Johnson's *The Sting of the Wasp* (1967). It is difficult to regard *The Coming Man* as more than a condescending sop to academic multiculturalism. ●

Choy, Philip H., Lorraine Dong, and Marlon K Hom, eds. *The Coming Man: 19th Century American Perceptions of the Chinese*. University of Washington Press, 1995. 178 p. bibl. ISBN 0-295-97453-2. pap. $24.95.

exhibition reviews

Humor in a Jugular Vein

A Traveling Exhibit of *Mad* Art

Reviewed by Robert C. Harvey

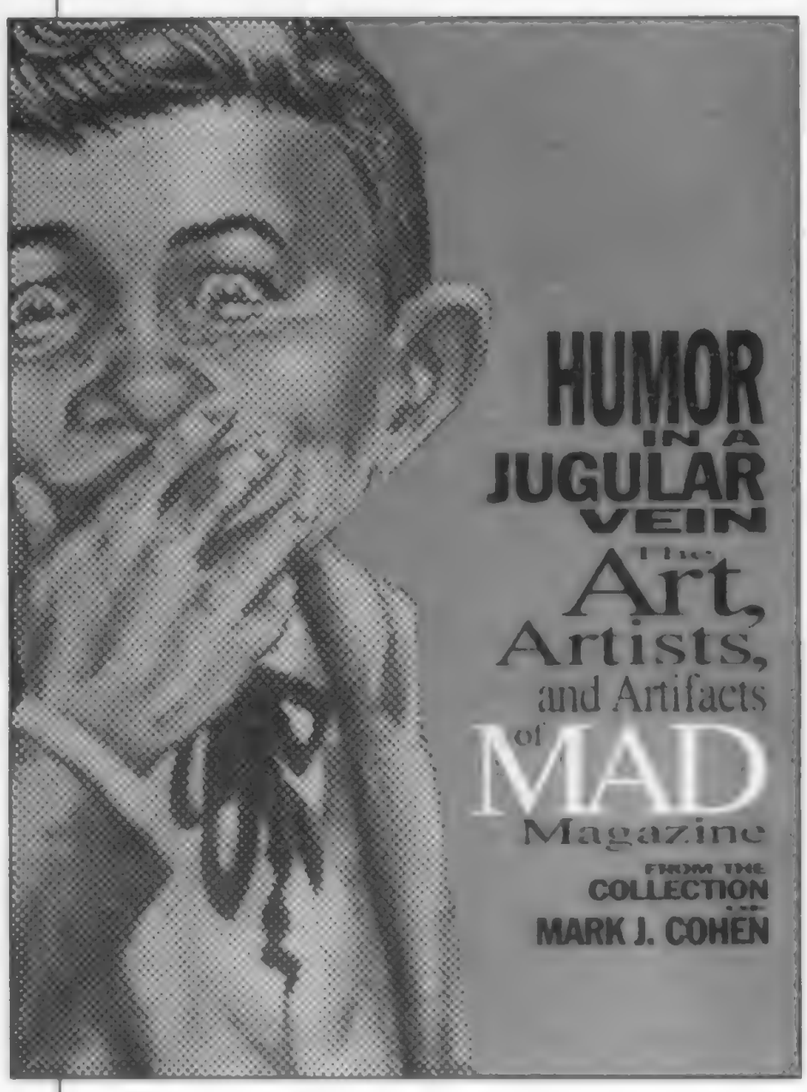
Harvey Kurtzman may be the most influential American cartoonist since Walt Disney. Disney created a confection of America that was mostly sugar and spice and everything nice, an anthropomorphic utopia in which children obey their parents and goodness is rewarded as surely as badness is punished. Kurtzman, on the other hand (the extremely other hand), perpetrated a vision of America in which self-interest and grasping venality animate virtually every aspect of daily life. People who persist in believing in the Disney version are suckers for those who inhabit the Kurtzman version, and since the Kurtzman version is the better approximation of reality, the Disney naifs wind up victims of their own daydreams.

Kurtzman's America is foisted off on the nation in regular doses in a comedic magazine called *Mad*, which Kurtzman invented in 1952. His affiliation with *Mad* ended in 1955, shortly after the publication ceased being a four-color comic book and assumed its present incarnation as a black-and-white mock magazine. But the magazine was forever his progeny: Kurtzman had given it its parodic perspective, and his formula was perpetuated by his successors with the assiduous devotion of religious zealots.

Although the humor in *Mad* is sophomoric and almost ritualistic in following the ruts the magazine has worn for itself in the decades since its launching, the repetitiveness of its satire has not much affected its status. That is probably because the magazine's readership is continually being regenerated. The young people to whom it most appeals outgrow it in much the same manner as they do training wheels on bicycles. But *Mad* is never abandoned by its readers: it is merely left to the next generation by default. No will; no probate. And no complaints either from the erstwhile readers about *Mad's* relentlessly reprised comedy: they learned from it, and no one ever dumps on the font of genuine knowledge. The exposure early in life to the cynical irreverence of *Mad* humor has fully prepared them for well-balanced cycling through the adult world in a capitalist society. After nearly half a century during which several generations of Americans have weaned themselves from the Disney version by means of the Kurtzman version, it is hard to imagine anyone under the age of sixty who has not passed through prepubescence with *Mad* as guide and, even, mentor.

Most of the famed underground cartoonists of the late sixties arrived at their world view tutored by Kurtzman's *Mad*, which showed them that the conventions of their society need not be revered so much as they needed to be reviled. But, as I said, *Mad's* influence scarcely ends with underground comix: that such blasphemous cartoonists have an appreciative audience may also be attributed to the training their readers had with *Mad*. The essence of *Mad's* mocking sensibility is the magazine's penchant for carrying a premise of everyday life in America to its logical and ludicrous conclusion. This sensibility is amply displayed in *Humor in a Jugular Vein*, a traveling exhibit of original art by the artists and cartoonists of *Mad* from the private collection of Mark J. Cohen.

The exhibit consists of nearly one hundred items, mostly paintings and drawings but also some toys, games, books, and records based upon the periodical or its vacuously grinning mascot, the bucolic-looking idiot boy named Alfred E. Neuman, who acts as the magazine's mute master of ceremonies under the heading "What? Me Worry?" The paintings include advertising parodies and cover art for the magazine by Norman Mingo (who created the modern rendition of Alfred E. Neuman, based—as nearly as we can tell—upon a relic of a 19th century advertising gimmick), Kelly Freas, Joe



Cover of the catalogue for the exhibit's first three venues in 1991.

Orlando, and others. Among the cover paintings is Mingo's 1957 wraparound front and back cover celebration of *Mad's* fifth anniversary issue, a birthday party attended by ninety-five meticulously aped advertising images from the fifties—everyone from the fictionai Smith Brothers (of cough drop fame) and Aunt Jemima and the Jolly Green Giant to such actual TV product floggers as Arthur Godfrey. In the same spirit is C. C. Beall's "April Fool," a picture of Neuman which, upon close inspection, dissolves into a collage of twenty-nine caricatures of show business celebrities, sports personalities, and advertising icons from the 1950s. There's also Joe Orlando's stunning parody of a *Reader's Digest* cover, a painting so cunningly imitative that we almost do not notice in the picture of an Egyptian desert scene that it is Alfred E. Neuman's face on the Sphinx. And then we also observe that the title of the magazine is *Reader's Disgust*.

Most of *Mad*'s "usual gang of idiots" are represented in the exhibit. The black and white drawings, usually pages excerpted from a feature several pages in length, include examples of the work of Dave Berg, Don Martin, Mort Drucker, Al Jaffee, Bob Clarke, and Paul Coker, Jr. Of the original cast from the days of the *Mad* comic book (Jack Davis, Will Elder, Wally Wood, and John Severin), only Severin is missing. From the oeuvre of Elder, probably the most influential of the lot upon the visual style of the *Mad* comic book, is a page from a 1956 article entitled "Hot Weather Photos," a parody of the kind of pictorial feature that magazines like *Look* did in those days. This is one of several pieces in the exhibit from *Mad* #29, the earliest issue of the magazine represented. (The first *Mad* magazine was #24; the previous twenty-three issues were in comic book format, and nothing from these is in the exhibit.) The most recent art is from 1987.

The exhibit is scarcely encyclopedic or comprehensive. It is, after all, a private collection, which means that the art in it has been acquired over a long period whenever the availability of the work and the resources of the owner permitted. In 1989, for instance, Cohen missed acquiring a real treasure—a Mingo painting of Fidel Castro with an exploding cigar in his mouth, Alfred E. Neuman's smirking visage on the cigar band. Recounts Cohen: "I ran home to bid on it [by telephone] but just missed it. I think Anne Gaines [wife of the publisher, the late legendary Willaim Gaines] bought it and hung it in the *Mad* magazine office." Cohen was late getting home to his phone, he said, because he was, for the nonce, preoccupied with a marriage ceremony—his own.

Despite the limitation inherent in a personally funded acquisitions program, the works on display afford a panoramic glimpse, so to speak, into the *Mad* world. Cohen believes it also provides a thumbnail social history of the last half of the American century. And, indeed, it verges parlously close, particularly in the send-ups of national advertising campaigns, whose images were so pervasive in the social life of their times.

Just as interesting as the profile of the times presented, however, are displays that show the evolution of an idea. One series of drawings shows the development of a cover from a rough sketch by Al Jaffee to the final cover painting by Jack Davis. In another series, the progression of one of the popular "fold-in" features through various stages in its conception is revealed. And in another fascinating section of the exhibit, self-caricatures of two dozen of the *Mad* artists are featured. Among the artifacts derived from the magazine are several Alfred E. Neuman items (coffee mugs and wrist watches with his face on them, an Aurora model kit, a bisque bust sculpted by Kelly Freas) as well as a Fan Addict Club Kit. A set of twenty-three *Mad* pin-back buttons, a mobile, and such things as a board game, skateboard, and squirting stapler.

Since I viewed the exhibit in the fall of 1994, Cohen has added nearly fifty pieces to the show. Among those are Jack Rickard's "Saturday Night Fever" cover (rough through print), a lithograph of the rough of Kurtzman's cover drawing for the first issue of the comic book, eight of Bob Clarke's "Mad morphs" that show what various celebrities (including Madonna, Howard Stern, Arnold Schwartzenegger, Hillary Clinton, and David Letterman) would look like if their genes had been mixed at conception with Neuman's, and several drawings by Sergio Aragones, whose "Mad marginals" (tiny pantomime comedy in the margins of the magazine) have decorated the magazine for decades. The most recent art in the exhibit now dates from 1994.

Perhaps the most engaging aspect of the exhibit is to be found in the terms of Cohen's loan agreement. As Cohen says (echoing *Mad's* cover proclamation), "It's cheap." There is no exhibit fee. He asks only that the borrowing organization pay the freight and insurance for sending the exhibit on to its next destination and round trip air fare and lodging for himself and his wife so they may attend the exhibit opening. (Cohen thereby makes himself available for docent training, interviews to publicize the show, and speaking engagements; he has a thirty minute slide

presentation for service clubs, students, attendees, and the like.)

The show has been on the road since February 1991 and is usually booked twelve to eighteen months in advance. One of the exhibit's advantages over many traveling shows, as Cohen sees it, is that "it attracts children, families and adults that would not usually set foot inside a museum." His own reward comes from owning the art and seeing it on display where others can enjoy it, too. "You can see real magic happen," he once said. "It's beautiful to watch. Parents get dragged into the exhibit by their kids. At first the adults have a chip on their shoulders about being there. But you can watch the years melt away when they see something they remember."

Upcoming venues for "Humor in a Jugular Vein" include the Strong Museum in Rochester, New York, 15 March through 30 June 1996; the Albuquerque Art Museum in Albuquerque, New Mexico, 18 May through 27 July 1997; and the Richmond Art Museum in Richmond, Indiana, 24 August through 19 October 1997. ●

Worth a Thousand Words: A Picture of Contemporary Political Satire

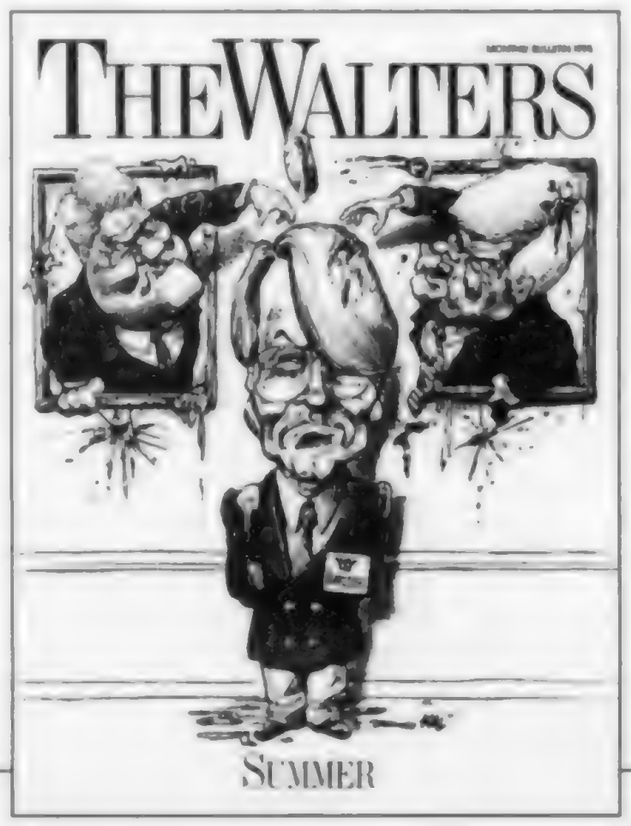
Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, Maryland
13 June 1995 - 21 January 1996

Reviewed by Neil A. Grauer

William T. Walters (1819-1894) and his son, Henry (1848-1931), a pair of tough railroad magnates and bankers whose exceptional artistic sensibilities built Baltimore's wonderful Walters Art Gallery, were not unfamiliar with graphic satire. William Walters, after all, had been a personal patron of Honoré Daumier. So it is altogether fitting—although remarkable nonetheless—that one of the finest exhibitions of satirical and political artworks ever assembled graced the walls of the Walters. Featuring 116 drawings, paintings and sculptures, the show, *Worth a Thousand Words: A Picture of Contemporary Political Satire*, was the first in the Walters' history to showcase the works of living artists—nearly fifty of today's top editorial cartoonists and caricaturists.

Opened last June 13 in rooms adjacent to galleries displaying the works of Delacroix, Ingres and Barye, *Worth a Thousand Words* contained extraordinary examples of the incredibly lively and potent satire now being produced. Yet while this show may have been a revelation to the Walters' visitors, it also might have served as an unintended, ironic requiem for the much of the profession it celebrated. Newspaper consolidations and extinctions have significantly reduced the number of job opportunities and outlets for contemporary political cartoonists. They have become expensive luxuries for an increasingly budget-conscious and bean-counting press, less willing to offend readers and advertisers with the works of a local cartoonist when those of a distant, syndicated and far less costly artist will suffice. It may be hoped that the vibrancy of American editorial cartooning so abundantly on display at the Walters was a proud herald of a bright new age of graphic satire, rather than the rich glow of its sunset.

Cover by Kevin Kallaugher for the monthly bulletin of the Walters Art Gallery, summer 1995.



The exhibition, brilliantly assembled and organized by Kevin "KAL" Kallaugher, editorial cartoonist for *The Baltimore Sun* and *The Economist*, was divided into seven sections. "Tools of the Trade" described how editorial cartoonists do their work by using every implement from quill pens to computers; "The Creative Process" was a three-minute film in which Kallaugher reflected on the way cartoons serve as "a window into the way people were thinking" whenever the drawings were made; "Caricature" displayed a stunning assortment of works by the finest modern American caricaturists; "Satire and the Moving Image" showed how animation and puppetry have been employed magnificently in recent years to score satiric points; "Satire" displayed the works of such influential artists as Walt Kelly, Jules Feiffer and Garry Trudeau; "Cartoons of Controversy" contained editorial cartoons that sparked even more umbrage than usual; and "Independent Editorial Cartoonists" highlighted the contributions of a new breed that may, of necessity, grow even greater in number as the market for cartoons evolves.

Although *Worth a Thousand Words* primarily concentrated on contemporary cartoonists, it did give a nod to graphic satire's history. It began with Daumier's tongue-in-cheek depiction of Parisian art connoisseurs, *The Amateurs* (1863-1865), which is part of the Walters' collection. It was cleverly juxtaposed with a 1994 Pat Oliphant cartoon, *The Committee*, which skewers the right

wing's would-be censors of the National Endowment of the Arts. Also on display were bronze copies of Daumier's tiny, incomparable caricature busts of long-forgotten French politicians, all from the collections of the Walters and its local siblings, the Baltimore Museum of Art and the Maryland Institute, College of Art. In addition, through the courtesy of the seemingly bottomless Art Wood Collection, on display were an original Thomas Nast pen-and-ink drawing and a 1951 Herblock cartoon. (Block's now-legendary reluctance to part with his original drawings, even on loan, prevented presentation of any of his current cartoons, Kallaugher explained.) Elsewhere in the show, Oliphant's sculpted caricatures of Richard Nixon, Jimmy Carter, George Bush, Jesse Helms and General Norman Schwarzkopf showed him to be a worthy successor to Daumier in that medium as well; and John Kascht's small, clay bust of Bush, done for a magazine cover, was a far more effective piece of sculpted caricature in the original than it was in print.

The caricatures in *Worth a Thousand Words* may have been the most impressive items on display. The large, awesome oil paintings of Philip Burke, with his innovative use of bright colors and funhouse-mirror distortions, provided interpretations of the Clintons, Ross Perot and Jesse Jackson unlike anything else. Done originally for considerably reduced reproduction in such publications as *Vanity Fair*, *Rolling Stone*, *Esquire*, *The New York Times*, *Newsweek*, and *The Washington Post*, Burke's paintings carried even greater impact when seen full-size. Also splendid were Ron Coddington's elegantly cross-hatched pencil caricatures of the likes of Bush and Quayle; Edward Sorel's brisk and pungent works in pen, ink and watercolor; and Richard Thompson's oil and tempera paintings of a vapid Quale, simian Oliver North, unctuous Jesse Helms, and mole-like Perot. (Whatever Perot may have brought to American politics, he is a godsend to caricaturists.) David Levine, represented by four caricatures, including one of Colin Powell, may have revived satirical American caricature single-handedly thirty years ago, but Burke, Thompson, Coddington, Sorel and others demonstrate that the art now enjoys an embarrassment of talented practitioners.

The list of major editorial cartoonists who supplied original drawings for this exhibition is a testament to the diligence and diplomacy of Kallaugher, a former president of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists (AAEC). Along with William Johnston, the Walter's specialist in eighteenth and nineteenth century art, Kallaugher served as the co-curator of *Worth a Thousand Words*. In all, nineteen Pulitzer Prize-winners were among those who loaned drawings to the exhibition, including Jeff MacNelly (another multi-media whiz, with a delicious oil caricature of Mao among the items on display); Art Spiegelman (whose drawings from Maus were astonishingly small); Signe Wilkinson, the first woman cartoonist to win a Pulitzer (and the outgoing president of the AAEC); Jeff Danziger, whose distinctive woodcut-like effects appear to be created with brush on celluloid; and Michael Ramirez, the 1994 Pulitzer-winner.

Practically every piece in the show packed a special punch, so singling out one, two, or a half-dozen would risk slighting others. And yet some cartoons stick in the mind: Tom Toles' devilishly sly portrayal of Ronald Reagan riding off into the sunset at the end of his presidency, with the folks at home tearfully waving goodbye-and the postman, unseen behind them, slipping "The Bill" into their mailbox; Jack Ohman's scathing characterization of "The Tears of Robert MacNamara," showing the former Defense Secretary's eyes as bombers, weeping their deadly payloads; Walt Handlesman's succinct review of the news of 1994, showing a TV anchorman reciting "O.J" thirty-five times through a series of panels, then concluding with a single "Newt."

When the AAEC met in Baltimore last June, a reception was held at the Walters. Cartoonists, usually a tough audience, were ecstatic over *Worth a Thousand Words*. Mark Streeter of the *Savannah Morning News* said he was "moved to tears" by the exhibition; Draper Hill of *The Detroit News* called the Burke paintings a "brilliant revelation to us all"; cartoon scholar Richard Samuel West called the exhibition "the most impressive show I've ever seen in a major museum," a sentiment echoed by Steve Benson of the *Arizona Republic*, who said it is "the best cartoon exhibit I've seen anywhere." Yet Benson, using humor to make a point as cartoonists are wont to do, drolly praised the "choice of cartoons as excellent—especially KAL's, which represent 99% of the exhibition." In fact, with nine completed drawings and sketches, plus three directional signs and the advertising banner across the front of the Walters to his credit, Kallaugher did have more entries in this show than any other artist. Noting that Kallaugher also appeared in the short film about the creative process, shown in an alcove featuring KAL sketches and completed cartoons, Benson grinned: "Next stop, MGM!"

The film perhaps was the weakest item in the show, since it suggested more than it delivered. Although Kallaugher made an excellent point about the importance of cartoons as historical mileposts, all that whizzed by was a swift montage of cartoons and photos of contemporaneous historic events and headlines without any attempt at explanation or amplification. And with Kallaugher stressing the historic value of cartoons, it was extremely regrettable that no space could be found in this exhibition for any examples of Baltimore's cartooning heritage, certainly as rich as any in the nation.

Nowhere to be seen were any of the Civil War etchings of Adalbert J. Volck, the Bavarian-born Baltimore dentist whose brutal depictions of Abraham Lincoln and other Union officials made him, in the view of historian Bruce Catton, a more powerful propagandist than his rival, Thomas Nast; neither was there a single drawing by any of Kallaugher's predecessors at *The Sun*, such as McKee Barclay, whose cartooning and reporting helped make Woodrow Wilson president; Edmund Duffy, who won three Pulitzer Prizes;

INKS: Cartoon and Comic Art Studies

SUBSCRIBE

Begin my subscription with: ❑ the forthcoming issue ❑ the _____ issue.

❑ $20 Individual ❑ $40 Institution/Library ❑ $100 patron

❑ Send the following back issues at $8 each_____

U.S. dollars only. Postage outside the U.S.: $4 per annual subscription.
Handling fee of $1.00 charged on billed orders.

❑ Payment enclosed ❑ Invoice ❑ Visa ❑ MasterCard

Card No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Country _____

University Press
180 Pressey Hall
1070 Carmack Road
Columbus, Ohio 43210-1002
0706-311307-361

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS MAIL PERMIT NUMBER 184 COLUMBUS OHIO

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY
2500 KENNY ROAD
COLUMBUS OH 43210-9979

Richard Q. (Moco) Yardley, whose uniquely whimsical drawings were reproduced almost weekly in *The New York Times* for decades; Tom Flannery, whose pithy observations, conveyed in elegant brushwork, appeared in *The Evening Sun* and *The Sun* for thirty-seven years; or Kallaugher's present colleague, Mike Lane, winner of a Sigma Delta Chi award, a Fischetti Award, and a National Headliners Award, among others.

Although the tremendous show Kallaugher and the Walters put together was billed as—and powerfully delivered—a view of *contemporary* political satire, an acknowledgment of the history of cartooning in its host city would seem to have been essential to the historic perspective Kallaugher cited in his short film. At the very least, in writing the comments that appeared beside Daumier's *The Amateurs*, the Walters itself might have noted that the gallery's founding father had bought it himself, thus providing the often-struggling Daumier with some much needed cash.

The Walters evidently has received some inquiries about putting this show on the road and possibly mounting *Worth a Thousand Words* elsewhere. Any museum would be lucky to have it. ●

Errata

In the interest of creating as accurate a record as possible, Inks will correct errors of fact in previous issues as soon after the initial publication of the errors as possible. Moreover, the editor encourages readers and scholars who discover errors to point them out, supplying the correct information and citing their sources.

In Volume 2, number 3 (November 1995), the following corrections are noted:

"Captain and the Comics"
page 39: Although Rudolph Dirks' comic strip Hans und Fritz was the first addition Patterson made to the Sunday Chicago Tribune's funnies, he did not add the strip in 1912 immediately upon assuming his editorial post. Dirks' strip did not appear in the Tribune until mid-1914.

page 43: 12 February 1923, was not a Sunday; it was a Monday.

page 44: Given the correction for page 39, The Teenie Weenies could not have begun four years after Hans und Fritz. It began on 14 June 1914—not in May—and not in color in the comics section, but in black and white in the "Household Hints" section of the paper.

page 57: Ferd Johnson revived Texas Slim and Dirty Dalton on 7 April 1940, not 1948.

"Easy-Going Daddy, Kaptayn Barbell, and Unmad"
page 63: Lat is incorrectly listed as the creator of Scenes of Malaysian Life. The cartoonist is Johnny Hidajat.

Contributors

Kenneth Barker, a contributor to *The Encyclopedia of American Comics*, is the author of several articles on comic strips.

Carlo Dumontet is Pre-1890 Books Project Cataloger and Comics Curator at the National Library, Victoria and Albert Museum, England.

Roger A. Fischer, a member of *Inks'* editorial board, teaches history at the University of Minnesota-Duluth.

Neil A. Grauer, a Baltimore writer and caricaturist, is the author of *Remember Laughter: A Life of James Thurber* (University of Nebraska Press, 1995).

V. T. Hamlin was the creator of *Alley Oop.*

Robert C. Harvey's next book, *The Art of the Comic Book*, will be published in 1996 by University Press of Mississippi.

Charles Hatfield teaches English at the University of Connecticut, where he is writing a doctoral thesis on the graphic novel. He is a frequent contributor to *The Comics Journal.*

M. Thomas Inge, associate editor for comic books, is Blackwell Professor of Humanities at Randolph-Macon College.

David Kunzle is the author of books on the history of the comic strip from the fifteenth through nineteenth century. He teaches art history at the University of California, Los Angeles.

Frank Pauer is a cartoonist and graphic designer in Dayton, Ohio. He is a previous recipient of the Charles M. Schulz Award in cartooning.

inks

Guidelines for Authors

INKS: Cartoon and Comic Art Studies seeks to be the premier journal in its field. It publishes lively articles about printed cartoon art and serves as a forum for new concepts and debate. Meticulous research and informative writing are required.

Except with prior arrangement, the maximum length for a submission is twenty double-spaced typed pages, excluding notes and illustrations. Initial submissions must be accompanied by photocopies of the illustrations the author proposes to use. Captions should be typed directly on the photocopies at the bottom of the pages. In no instance should original artwork be submitted.

Authors must send three copies of typescripts submitted for publication as articles. All article submissions are refereed by at least two reviewers in addition to the editor. The reviewers' comments will be forwarded to the author, but typescripts will not normally be returned.

The requirements of the *Chicago Manual of Style* must be followed. Use the endnote guidelines described in *Chicago*. Please be sure to use the endnote function of your word processing program, not superscripts. Do *not* use in-text references, i.e. (Zurier, 1988). Do not use *op. cit.*, *ibid*, or *loc cit.* All titles must be italicized, i.e. *Terry and the Pirates*. Contractions should be avoided.

Basic endnote style is as follows:

1. Rebecca Zurier, *Art for The Masses* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1988), 89. [Note that no abbreviation precedes the page numbers.]

2. Alice Sheppard, "There Were Ladies Present: American Women Cartoonists and Comic Artists in the Early Twentieth Century," *Journal of American Culture* 7(Fall 1984): 38-48.

3. Bill Blackbeard and Martin WIlliams, eds. *The Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics* (Washington: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1977), 12.

4. George Newton Gordon, "Can Children Corrupt Our Comics?" in *The Funnies: An American Idiom* (New York: Free Press of Glencoe, 1963), 158-166.

5. Edwin McDowell, "America Is Taking Comic Books Seriously," *New York Times*, 31 July 1988, E8.

Style for second references:

1. Zurier, *Art for the Masses*, 66.

2. Sheppard, "There Were Ladies Present," 44.

3. Gordon, "Can Children Corrupt Our Comics?" 164.

INKS includes the several regular features such as descriptions of cartoon-related research facilities, book and exhibition reviews, and bibliographies. Authors who wish to contribute to one of the regular features of *INKS: Cartoon and Comic Art Studies* are invited to query the editor. Persons who wish to propose a book or exhibition for review should also contact the editor.

Authors whose work is accepted for publication must submit camera-ready copies of all illustrations. The author is responsible for securing copyright permission to include each illustration in the journal.

INKS is produced with DOS-based WordPerfect. Authors of manuscripts accepted for publication are strongly encouraged to submit their work on a disk in this format. Authors who use a different system should prepare an ASCII file. Captions for illustrations should be included at the end of this disk.

All submissions and correspondence should be sent to this address:

INKS: Cartoon and Comic Art Studies
The Ohio State University
023L Wexner
27 West 17th Avenue Mall
Columbus OH 43210-1393